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ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1925
Seventh Annual Issue

BY
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Enid, Oklahoma
FRANK P. DAVIS
MCMXXVI

TO

HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN

*"Who through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his heart the music
Of wonderful melodies."*

INTRODUCTION

The volume of the Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1925, marks the seventh annual issue of this work. During these years the original plan of giving special consideration to poems that reflect the reaction of the people to current thought and events has been strictly adhered to.

In addition to poems that reflect the public mind, all the really high class poems have been gleaned from the thousands of newspaper clippings that were considered in making selections for the book.

In reviewing the subjects that have seemed uppermost in the thought of the people during 1925, I have appended in this preface the titles of the poems that I believe best represent each subject.

Early in the year came the Cross-Word puzzle craze. It is doubtful if the public interest in any other popular fad, ever became so universal and intense in so short a period of time. Dictionaries and puzzle-books became best sellers. Newspapers ran Cross-Word puzzle departments. People in every walk of life racked their brains in search of obscure words with which to solve the puzzles. The craze swept over the country like a prairie fire, however, by the middle of the summer it had lost much of its force and interest declined nearly as swiftly as it had come. (*There Were Cross-Words Between Them*, Samuel Hofenstine; *Crosswordwocky*, C. B. Gilbert.)

In the third annual issue of the Anthology of Newspaper Verse (1921) there was a poem by Langston Hughes, entitled, "A Negro Speaks of Rivers," which was the most poignant cry of a suppressed race that it had been my fortune to read. In this volume there are some verses by

a Chinese student at the University of Nebraska, which sound like a cry of despair. (*My China*. Kwei Chen.)

There are wonderful women and mothers in Utah who love children, if one may judge correctly by the number of poems about babies that come from that state. Some of the sweetest tributes to babies that it has ever been my pleasure to read appeared in Utah newspapers. (*Keepsakes*, Edith Cherrington; *Lullaby*, Elizabeth Fechner Hanson.)

There was the usual surprise in store for the editor, in the large number of poems on unusual and unexpected themes. This year it was spooks and haunted houses. The editor feels reasonably safe, however, out here in the short grass region of Oklahoma, when he reflects that most of the spooks were in the New England states. Connecticut easily leading the nation. (*Spooks*, H. A. H.; "*I Shall Come Again*," Dorothy Parker; *A House Speaks*, Rebecca Helman.)

The passing of Bryan, Amy Lowell, and La Follette, were the subjects of many poems. By far the larger number of these poems, and more generally distributed over the nation, were those in praise of La Follette.

In the seven years that I have studied newspaper verse, considering two thousand to three thousand annually, I have received clippings from every state in the Union with the single exception of the State of Nevada.

Sports seemed to be of more than usual interest to the poets. The winning of the open golf championship of America, "the greatest glory that golf can bestow on its followers," by Willie Macfarlane, was the most spectacular and unexpected sporting event of the year. Macfarlane had no thought of winning when he entered the game. Baseball also received its share of verse. (*The Lad from Aberdeen*, John Kierma, *Baseball Ballad*, Kirke Mecham.)

There were a surprising number of poems in which murder or homicide was the theme. Perhaps the most remarkable poem of the year was Docia Karell's "The Triangle." This is a reporter's interpretation of a local murder case. It may interest the reader to learn that the survivors of the triangle, both drew life sentences. (*The Midnight Express*, Florence M. Wallin; *The Triangle*, Docia Karell.)

The reaction of the man from the back recesses of the country to the customs of the modern city has been the theme of many poems. The Michigan timber-man forsakes the bright lights and returns to the big woods, while the New Mexico cowpuncher consider folks on Broadway. (*On the North Bound Train*, Ivan Swift; *A Cowpuncher Watches the Crowd*, S. Omar Barker; *I Take The Slashin' Yet*, Ivan Swift.)

A part of the Indian country, which later became a part of the state of Oklahoma, was opened to settlement in 1889. Each year the old settlers, who call themselves "The 89'ers," meet and live over again the exciting times and hardships of the days when they "made the run" for "free homes." (*Looking Backward*, John W. Beard; *Opening "The Strip"*, Ruth Olive Angel.)

There are a number of poems in this volume that are of very high quality, and that will compare favorably with the best work of any contemporary writer.

Franklyn Pierre Davis.

A MAN FROM GENOA

I saw a man from Genoa
Who turned and smiled at me,
And something in his wistful gaze
Was like a blasted tree.

He told me then that he had come
With flaming plumes, and vair,
And clothes of saffron and of gold,
And vests of camel's hair.

And he had beads from Carthage
And silks from windy Tyres,
And tiny chests of spikenard
Preserved from Ilium's fires.

The man who came from Genoa
Had sorrow in his eyes,
And yet he turned and smiled at me
And made a stout surmise.

"My silks, they say, are waterlogged
My spears and helmets worn;
And yet I came from Genoa
Around the southern horn.

The Lords of War have laughed at me
And will not take my vests!
They are too small and fiberless
To span their thunderous chests."

And then I somehow pitied him
And bought the worthless things,
The silks and grails and parrakeets
And gold and copper rings.

I have them yet and know quite well
Their uselessness to me;
And yet the man from Genoa—
His eyes were like the sea!

I saw him go upon the quay
And whistle through his hands;
I saw his galley swing to port
Above the yellow sands.

The ship that veered before the wind
Had green and scarlet sails;
And turbaned prophets paced the poop
And Nubians thronged the rails.

He waved his hand, and jumped aboard
And danced upon the deck;
And then I saw him take command
And clear the harbor wreck.

They passed a town with marble streets
And spires of malachite;
Where centaurs worshipped headless gods
Whose limbs were zoned with light.

I saw them sail into the East—
And now in far Cathay
I seek the man from Genoa
Who bore my gold away.

Frank Belknap Long, Jr.
The Hollywood Florida News.

MONSOON

When the monsoon blows and the taut ropes snap,
Heave, boys; heave with a will.
And the topsails belly with a sounding flap,
Heave, boys; heave with a will.
When you sail "scuppers under" and decks awash,
And you scud 'neath the sting of the tempest's lash
Heave, boys; heave with a will.

With royals furled 'gainst the monsoon's blast,
Ride, boys; ride the storm.
With hatches battened and sheets made fast,
Ride, boys! ride the storm.
With your wake a hell's-broth of foaming spume,
And the spray at your bow is in feathery plume,
Ride, boys; ride the storm.

When gallants'ls rip and tear from the yards,
Hold, boys; hold your course.
When topmasts are splitting and twisting halliards.
Hold, boys; hold your course.
With top poles bare and mainsail lashed,
And boats stove in and fo'castle smashed,
Hold, boys; hold your course.

When the monsoon stops and the dun clouds lift,
Cheer, boys; cheer with a will.
And the hot sunbeams through a vapory rift,
Cheer, boys; cheer with a will.
And the China Sea stills to troubled rest,
With a swell like the heave of a maidens breast,
Cheer, boys; cheer with a will.

The Baltimore Daily Post. *Howard W. Legg.*

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

The ranch was by the track. Drab, drab her life,
Like the grey, thin soil about the place.
Once she had a garden—flowers made it seem
A shabby dress patched with some golden lace.

Each midnight thundered by the fast express,
A yellow meteor flaming sky and hill;
She often waited just to see it pass
'Round the curve—a whistle—then all was still.

In June, a crew of men, the section hands,
Camped near to mend the track. One of the gang
Begged water from the spring and handing back
the can,
Their fingers touched—wondering, all day she
sang.

But one hot night, she'd milked, bedded down the
stock—
The clod who called her wife spoke thus, "Jake's
wife's fine,
She helps, she does!" Then desperate at last, she
saddled Tim,
Hung lantern high up on the gate—(that was the
sign)—

And far, far down the track the tiny love-light
beamed
To him, tho' twice refused, had hoped from day
to day;
How his mates joked!—but he went to gather
roses,
Pink roses, dew wet, that grew beside the way.

Midnight—the great express might drown her
going—
But that clod, dull before—awoke—dragged her
from the door,
Now she who did men's work matched strength
with man—
And with her hands she beat him to the floor—
And left him so, half in half out the shack! The
white moon
Came out as fast she rode away. How sudden-
sweet the land
Had grown—love's miracle! Yet crushing his dear
roses to her lips
She knew their price! Could roses leave that
bloodspot on her hand?

The Lewistown Democrat-News.

Florence M. Wallin.

THE TRIANGLE.

THE PRISONER:

Now I killed 'er—
But I swear to God I didn't go to do it!
Only sometimes I set here 'n' get to thinkin'—
Many's the time before I coulda done it!
God knows I always hated her enough!
—Always, that is, since Edna come—
Sittin' there so meek—I hate meek women!
Edna, now—she wouldn't take nothin' off me,
Nor off no man.
She'd kill a sweetie that'd throw 'er down—
But Mary was diff'rent—
Sure she was a good wife—
Too damn good.
That's why I killed 'er—
I mean, that's why I coulda killed 'er.
Hell! Why couldn't she lay off me?
If she'd only 'a' balled me out, I coulda stood it—
But when I'd come home from Edna's,
Even if it was 3 a. m., she'd be there waitin'—
Smilin' sleepy-like, 'n' lookin' forgivin',
An' stretchin' out 'er arms for me to kiss 'er—
She drove me nuts!

I've wanted to kill 'er often enough,
 'N' wished I had the nerve to do it, too—
 But I wouldn't never 'a' done it, really.
 An' now—they call it murder—
 The liars!
 They can't prove nothin' on me—They ain't nothin' to prove.
 I couldn't help it if I stumbled, an' the damn gun went off—
 We was out huntin' and when I seen her walkin' on ahead,
 I couldn't help thinkin' how easy it'd be.
 Just playin' with the idea—not plannin' nothin' really—
 Holdin' m' finger on the trigger, an' thinkin' what'd happen if I pulled it—
 'N' then, by God, I tripped 'n' fell, an' the damn thing went off!
 It killed 'er dead enough—An' I was glad—
 But now I get to wonderin', 'n' figurin' how it happened—
 I never meant to shoot 'er.
 It was an accident, an' I couldn't help it.
 Or could I maybe?
 I musta pulled the trigger—I musta aimed—
 An' now I set here 'n' ask myself—
 "Could I 'a' helped it if I'd 'a' wanted to?"
 I mean, could I 'a' fell without pullin' it?
 Could I 'a' jerked it aside so's not to hit 'er?
 They's one thing sure, if I did kill 'er on purpose I never knew it.
 I ain't no murderer, and that's God's truth—
 It seems like it was the thinkin' did it—
 Or the devil hisself, maybe.
 If I'd 'a' loved 'er, I mighta fell 'n' killed 'er just the same—
 But if I did, I'd know it was a accident,
 Even if it'd happened just like it did.
 Now I can't tell—
 I keep rememberin' them murderin' thoughts o' mine—
 Me wishin' 'er dead—
 And then she was, just like my wantin' it killed 'er.

An' yet I swear I wouldn't 'a' shot 'er if I'd knowed it —

Hell! It's drivin me bughouse!

If I knew I murdered 'er, I could stand it—

Or either if I didn't—

But this way I lay here nights' and it seems like
I can hear the devil laughin'—

It seems like I can see myself a hangin' on the
gibbet,

An' there's the devil dancin' there in front o' me,
Mockin' and grinnin' 'til he drives me crazy mad—

An' then I try to kick at 'im, and miss 'im,

An' I see my body swingin' in the wind—

They'll hang me all right, I reckon,

Just like any bloody, murderin' fool —

I guess I got it comin'—

But the worst of it is this—

She'll be there waitin'.

Whether it's heaven, or whether it's hell,

She'll be there waitin'—

There ain't no gettin' rid of her, never—

An' when I think o' meetin' her there,

Waitin' for me so patient and lovin', an' pleadin'
so pitiful for me to love 'er—

Me! that hates 'er like a deadly poison—

I could kill 'er again!

Oh, God!

That damn fool woman hangin' onto me forever—

Edna pro'bly lovin' some other guy—

THE OTHER WOMAN

There's hell to pay now—

Them two poor fools!

That wishy-washy wife of his 'ud drag any good
man down—

So damn goody-goody it'd make you sick to see 'er.

Always pullin' the martyr stuff—

She didn't hafta die to be no angel; she 'uz a little
tin angel here on earth—

Wearin' 'er halo, 'n' sproutin' wings—

The things she'd take off him!

"Because she loved 'im," she'd say—

Well, you'd better bet I'd a-showed 'em where to
head in long ago—

They ain't no sense in lovin' no man like that—
She should aknew better—
I gotta life size pitcher o' myself
Lettin' my man get away from me!
Or hangin' on to no man that didn't want me,
neither—
I'd 'a' sure give 'im a piece o' my mind!
Oh, well—I'm glad 'e killed 'er; he should done
it long ago;
She wuz too good to live, I allus told 'im.
But the poor dumb idiot to go 'n get 'isself caught!
Will I stick by 'im?
Hell! No! It ain't my party—
Let 'em hang 'im for all me;
I c'n get plenty o' better men—
Why sure I loved 'im!
An' believe me, he's some hot papa, too!
But they's gotta be a-nend to ever' thing,
An' I don't see myself stuck on no jailbird,
Nor dead man neither —
I ain't wastin' no tears—
I gotta date with Handsome to-night,
'N' wouldn't I be the original dumb Dora
To let 'im find me with nose all red?
He's jealous as hell—
An' besides, it ain't becomin'—

THE DEAD WIFE:

Don't worry, Jim—
I know you never meant to do it.
Why, Honey! They ain't nothin' to forgive—
We gotta die sometime, ain't we?
And I don't know no sweeter way
Than sudden-like, with you.
I was so happy, Dear—knowin' you loved me—
That there girl, Edna, she didn't cut no ice—
Not really.
You always come back to me—sooner or later—
'N' you was so good to me, Jim!
Don't worry, Dear.
Just take care of our babies—
I hated to leave 'em, Jim,
But they'll be all right with you—

An' someday you'll be comin' back to me again
Just like you used to—
An' I'll be waitin', Dear—
Always waitin' 'n' lovin' you—
Don't worry, Jim—
Think how wonderful it's goin' to be
When you do come,
An' we have each other forever and ever and ever
I've always loved you so;
An' now I know that death don't make no difference—

The Muskogee Phoenix.

Docia Karell.

SPOOKS

A-shaking with dread, I am frightened half dead
When I crawl 'tween the sheets of my cold, lonely
bed,
And out of the gloom of my small darkened room
An army of spookies before me all loom.
They stare and they glare till they stiffen my hair,
And sit on the sofa, my dresser and chair,
Till I am so frightened and shake through and
through
When spooks from their nooks give their villainous
looks
And whisper in chorus OO-OO OO-OO!

I quiver and shiver—"Oh Lord, the great Giver,"
Please hear me, come near me, I pray thee deliver
From all these kidnappers with arms like long
flappers,
And skeletons knocking like old bony clappers.
They smirk in their work and sit as my jury,
And chatter and clatter, condemn me in fury,
And I am so frightened and shake through and
through
When spooks from their nooks give their villainous
looks
And whisper in chorus OO-OO OO-OO.

I confess my distress, but really can't guess
How all those grim spookies just know my address;

And why it must be they single out me
And make so unhappy to furnish their glee.
I'm cold in my feet, and beneath the big sheet
Like in a great tent I am hidden complete,
For I am so frightened and shake through and through

When spooks from their nooks give their villainous looks

And whisper in chorus OO-OO OO-OO!

The New Canaan Advertiser.

H. A. H.

"I SHALL COME BACK"

I shall come back from fanfaronade
Of wailing wind and graveyard panoply;
But trembling, slip from gray Eternity—
A mild and most bewildered little shade.
I shall not make sepulchral midnight raid
But softly come where I had longed to be
In April twilight's unsung melody,
And I, not you, shall be the one afraid.

Strange, that from lovely dreamings of the dead
I shall come back to you, who hurt me most.
You may not feel my hand upon your head,
I'll be so new and inexpert a ghost.
Perhaps you will not know that I am near,—
And that will break my ghostly heart, my dear.

The New York World.

Dorothy Parker.

A HOUSE SPEAKS

His hair was soft as down and yellow;
His eyes were wells of blue;
He was a noisy little fellow,
And glad the whole day through.

I loved to see his mother kiss him
And send him out to play,
But now I ache inside and miss him
Since he has gone away.

Folk say houses sometimes are haunted
By ghosts that laugh or grieve—
I wish his ghost would come undaunted
And never, never leave.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

Rebecca Helman.

ANTAGONISMS

Here's to my enemy. He set the urge
To my endeavor. When I sweep the verge
Of yesterday's horizon, I can know
He gave my heart today its thrill to go
Farther and farther. I was dull and cold
Until he strung my nerves and made me bold
For any chance the wayfarer may meet.
His is the eager hurry of my feet.

Here's to the jealousies that watch me pass,
Silent and sullen in the withering grass
Their bitterness has crisped. I cannot wait
To give them comfort, though the open gate
That I shall enter will not be swung back
For such as follow blindly in my track.
Those who would join our fellowship should be
Generous, high of heart, like gulls at sea.

Here's to the strength of those who cannot bear
To see my banner tossing in the air.
My way is onward where they bar the road,
The sunlight on their mail my inner goad.
It is not some far end, but pushing through
To what they would not grant me as my due
That turns my pulse from lethargy to lilt

And makes that highway best where blood is spilt.
I lift this cup, my fellows,—not to you,
Not to the tested hands and hearts that drew
Beside me to the onset—but to all
The leaguered host that burned to see us fall.
They gave us dreams of what should yet be won

And turned our eager faces to the sun.
I drink this cup to those who would have slain
All hope within us. They have died in vain.

The New York Times. Lewis Worthington Smith.

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

Over the roof of the house next door I look off on
the bay.

A path leads straight through the Golden Gate. . . .

My spirit steps away.

On ships that leisurely swim the seas, bales of my
thoughts are sent;

I stretch my hands, my heart strings, to the mystic
Orient.

The languid figure of Tamalpais, asleep in the distant
air,

Has become my most familiar friend: even her
dreams I share.

Over the roof of the house next door the burdened
wind intones,—

Bears my good-night beyond my sight, to the fog-hid
Farallones.

Under the roof of the house next door a child died
yesterday.

They carried a coffin, white and small, down the
path and away.

I do not know my neighbor's name; I dare not
ring her bell.

My friends are clouds and mountain tops. . . And
have I chosen well?

The Oakland Tribune. Clara Maxwell Taft.

ODE TO A FARMER-MAID.

Have you seen her blithely swinging through the
pastures and the meads,

With her starry eyes, and lips as red as ripe pomegranate
seeds?

Have you heard her gayly laughing in the Dawn's
rose-blushing face,

Where the little streams meander, weaving patterns
sheer as lace?

Have you felt her sparkling presence near the
gushing, spring-born wells,
Where the crystal bubbles gurgle like a thousand
little bells?

I have sought her many mornings where the golden
cow-slips bloom,
As fantastic and delightful as a breath of rare
perfume.

Ere the break of day I spied her in the periwinkle
mist,
And I spied a dainty imprint where her feet the
dew had kissed.

Through the clover-fields she rambled, singing to
a pink-splashed sky;
Vivid as a tiger-lily, swaying when the wind flees
by.

Through her hair a tipsy wind capriced, and tossed
it airily —
Oh, the hair that danced and rippled like the waves
beside Capri.

I could hear her softly crooning as she tripped her
way along,
Like a lilting brook in springtime poured the
liquid of her song.

As I crossed the fields to meet her, violet eyes
were turned to me
From a face like alabaster in its chisled purity.

Ere a brief, bewildered moment, like a startled
bird she'd flown,
As the storm-cloud blots the sunshine, left me
spellbound and alone.

But I've met her many mornings since that unfor-
gotten day,
In the twilight; in the moonlight, dallied blissful
hours away.

In the morning on the morrow, when the foggy
shadows fade,
I shall hasten to the clover-fields, and claim my
farmer-maid.

The Michigan Farmer.

Helen Janet Miller

ON THE NORTH-BOUND TRAIN

Winter wakes and snow falls deep;
Slow through drifts the drivers creep,
Bent by the weight of breathing freight,
Man-brute strength and brute-man hate.

Sinew and blood and the untaught brain
Crowd in the coach of the north-bound train;
Pipe and pack and the amber flask
Cheer the way to the winter's task.

Beat by the craft of unscarred hands,
They go to war with the timberlands;
The town-fear fades and the languid eye
Lights with the oaths of Do or Die!

Leather and felt and the bear-skin coat,
Grime and grit and the open throat
Curse the cost of the world they've known,
Lift their burden and seek their own.

The badger, the wolf and swagger bear
Are hunted here and hunted there,
And live with their gods as best they can,
Than trust the hearts of their fellow-man.

Gurgle, steam! and stagger, train!
Worse is the curse of scar and pain
That wait in the wilds for men of toil
The world sends out to wrest her spoil.

The Detroit News.

Ivan Swift.

A COWPUNCHER WATCHES THE CROWD

(NOTE—It has been said that Tex Austin's Rodeo cowboys got more kick out of watching New Yorkers on the streets than the Gothamites did in seeing the wil' cwpunchers perform)

Hi, Pete! Yeah, I'm a-playin' corner post.
Lost? No. jest standin' herd and judgin' stock!
Why sure! It's jest like sortin' cattle, Pete,
To watch folks come a-shovin' down the block.

Go to a show? Hell, no! What for? This here's
The show. It kinder makes me homesick, too.
Reminds a man of Dogie Williams' bunch—
All mixed—hey, look! Old Spotty's comin' through
Doggone my hide, if that old girl ain't jest

The twin fer Dogie's pinto cow we found
Up Horse Thief Creek! Yeah—fat one there with
furs.

See how she horns her way and holds her ground?
But looky, Pete! Jest like old Spot she knows
Which ones won't take no hornin' from a cow.
She's edged her way around that muley bull—
I mean that necky banker—see 'em? Wow!

That there's a right pert heifer comin' by!
I'd easy say she's pure-bred Hereford from the
way

She's slender at the ankles and still shows
She's built to carry meat? What did you say?
Quit starin'? Why, you scrub, these folks don't
care

How much one pore cowpuncher reads their
brands!

I ain't no more to them—not near as much—
As dudes is to Tom Talle's cows—or hands.

Gee whimpers! What a lot of two-year olds!
Them fellers there—and heifers too—all sleek
And dainty-steppin' stuff; might fool yuh Pete.
Jest like scrub cows that gits smooth in a week
But never has no meat inside their skins.
Slick lookin' hide ain't never been no sign
Of breedin' underneath—no more for folks,
I reckon, than it is fer cows like mine.
It's more the way their bones is built, and how
Their heads is shaped and—oh, I guess you know
Jest what I mean—it's even in their eyes—
Yeah, meanin' cows and folks. Now ain't it so?

And listen, Pete, remember how the cows
Leave all their calves in some old bossy's care
While they go grazin' with the bunch? Now
watch—

Here looks like lots of "mamma-cows," but where
Are all their calves? School? Well, yes, I guess
Schoolmarms is meant, like critters on the range,
To do their job,—Move on? Why, who are you?
A bull? Gee, Pete, aint human cattle strange?

The Santa Fe New Mexican. *S. Omar Barker.*

I TAKE THE SLASHIN' YET

Besides the River Ki-ji-ken
I've got a pan o' sky,
A wall o' swamp it's settin' on
An' half-a-story sty.

But when I've took to wanderin'
To see the tinker's town
I hoof it back a-ponderin'—
An' kick the bridges down.

The burg is like a hootin' owl
A-blinkin' in the sun;
Her lingo like a guinea-fowl
A-braggin' what he's done.

The bosses numbers ninety-eight,
The skidders two or three;
And twict a year they navigate
With ordinary tea.

The pickin's on the mucky flat
Is famishin' the ewes;
But when I flags a counter-bat
A-froggin' of his dues—

I takes to beetles in the weeds,
Or turtles on the scum,
An' calculates o' human deeds
A beaver's doin' some.

The weeds an' winds is upper-class,
An' what they got they give.
From singin' down to scurvy-grass—
To help a logger live.

In place o' guessin' what they thinks
An' croakin' on their pains,
They holds their ends an' drinks their drinks
An' dances when it rains.

Our bunks is in a pair o' sleighs,
Our mess is what we get;
But, scalin' cities seven ways,
I take the slashin' yet.

The Grand Rapids Herald.

Ivan Swift.

LOOKING BACK

I am traveling back o'er the dim old track
To the days of eighty-nine
Where a vast domain of wind swept plain
Lay just across the line.

I'm riding again with thousands of men
In the greatest "horse race" on earth,
On memory's screens I view the old scenes
That gave a commonwealth birth.

'Twas an April day, calm and fair as May,
The hour was 12 o'clock, noon,
When the "opening gun" set us all arun
For the land of opportune.

The stars were bright on the previous night
And a thousand camp fires shone
All round the land that the pioneer band
Was hoping the next day to own.

In the camp fires' glare, all worry and care,
Was banished by unanimous rule,
While the cry rang clear from afar and near,
"Oh, Joe, here's your mule."

The pesky coyote tried out his throat
In a long and dismal wail,

For he knew his day must fast fade away
Where the white man rides the trail.

When the night was gone and the breaking dawn
Brought the sunlight over the hill,
Each camp was astir, and the clank of spur
Was a scene that gave one a thrill.

There was bacon frying on embers dying.

And "flap-jacks" in the pan

With strong coffee hot, in the blackened old pot
To revive the inner man.

When breakfast was done, almost every one
Moved quietly into place

To await the time on the border line

For the hour of the crucial race

When the bugle's blast sounded out at last,

Or a pistol shot was fired,

They raced o'er the plain of this great domain

For the claim they so much desired.

For Kentucky steed of thoroughbred breed

Against Missouri's mule was pitted,

While the old ox cart took a twelve hour start,
And had them both outwitted.
Over hill and dale, without track or trail,
Those racing horsemen went riding,
While antelope and deer ran away in fear
From the places they had been hiding.

At the close of the day there was joy or dismay
In the heart of every "Boomer"
For the race was done, he had lost or won,
Or been cheated by a "Sooner."
Then came days of want, the wolf lean and gaunt
Tried the brave pioneers' mettle
But they had the grit, and refused to quit
The claims they had chosen to settle.
With arduous toil they subdued the soil
Until bounteous crops were gathered,
While cities were planned that will always stand
As monuments to the storms they weathered.
I am travelling back over the dim old track
To Oklahoma's great natal day,
I'm riding along with that mighty throng
Who are now growing hoary and gray,
I'm riding back to the old claim shack
That stood close to the section line,
I am living again with those pioneer men —
The "Boomers" of eighty-nine.

The Oklahoma City Times.

John W. Beard.

OPENING OF "THE STRIP"

September 16, 1893.

Mid-day in mid-September, hot and dry,
The parched fields lift brown faces to the sky;
A buzzard high in gyratory flight
Marks for his feast below a carrion sight;
The sun upon meridian looking down
Beholds the founding of a little town,
Where thudding hoof-beats cause the earth to quake
And eager racers pause to drive the stake.
Here man oblivious to plinth and dome
Pulls taut the canvas roof and calls it home

While trekking wagons halt beneath a tree
And history hand writes Eighteen Ninety-three.

The Ponca City News.

Ruth Olive Angel.

A BASEBALL BALLADE

Once more the seasonable year
Makes green the diamond with its dew
And like a wandering voice we hear
The gathering fans—loud sing cuckoos!
Sport columns bloom with spicy news;
Taboo are mat and court and ring;
Sing we the pennant, faithful muse,
We all are champions in the spring.

A crack of bat on gleaming sphere,
A blur of sox and cleated shoes,
A speeding fielder, not too near,
Yay! Come on home you buckaroos!
Now even the umpire gets his dues;
Grim death long since has lost his sting;
We've got a team that can not lose;
We all are champions in the spring.

What if the dopesters are austere?
What if we know the race subdues
Seven out of eight with pace severe?
He still may win who still pursues.
Tho Fortune flatters him who woos,
Her arms are thrilling while they cling;
She lingers long in her adieus;
We all are champions in the spring.

ENVOY

Hail, happy season that renews
Youthful delight in everything!
Laurel's a gift that's good to use,
We all are champions in the spring.

The Wichita Beacon.

Kirke Mechem.

THE LAD FROM ABERDEEN

Come a' ye Scots who skirl the pipes, bedeck't in
tartan plaid,
The gowfing crown adorns the brow of our ain
canty lad.
Sing, hey, the land of Bobbie Burns, aye strang
upon the green,
Sing, ho, for Will Macfarlane, from the town of
Aberdeen.

There was prate of Walter Hagen, whyles the
putts went clinkin' down;
Some said Mac Smith, the pawky lad, wad bear
awa the crown;
There were cheers for Johnny Farrell an' the
"Wearin' of the Green,"
But diel a mon spoke up for Will or mentioned Ab-
erdeen.

There was Barnes, from jolly England, and Diegel
and the rest,
They gathered a' from near and fa', and from
the east and west;
Rab Jones was there—that wonder chiel!—until
the final green,
Where he fell before the putting blade of Will of
Aberdeen.
Then Highlandmen and Lowlandmen, frae Dun-
fries to the North
Ring out the praise of Winsome Will across the
Firth of Forth;
'Twas a braw shot from the heather to Worches-
ter's winning green
But he made it—ay, Macfarlane, the lad from Ab-
erdeen.

The New York Herald Tribune. John Kierman.

NOW

I would not turn the pages back
To any day that's past
Nor would I look into the days
That come so fleet and fast.

I would not live again old years
And make old, sad mistakes,
I would not shed the same old tears
And meet the same heartbreaks.

Nor would I press ahead to reach
The future's joy and pain;
Let me but hold these dear days close
That may not come again.

The New York Sun.

Clarissa Brooks.

FLOYD COLLINS' CAVE

*(Written as the ancient song-ballads of Kentucky
were written.)*

Oh, they say he is buried as deep as can be,
And the shovels thud down on the oily clay
Oh, Floyd Collins slid to a hole in the hill
And he's buried thar fur from the gold of the day.

And thar's moaning—a moaning
Back in the cave,
Floyd Collins' cavern is Floyd Collins' grave!

Floyd ruther crawl to the gateway of hell
Than work with his Pa who loved him so well—
Down in the earth thar was fairies and elves
And they tole him secrets that he wouldn't tell . . .
What's jest beyond, in the turn of the slide—
Thar in the damp whar the cave crickets hide?
Less' go and see, Floyd, less' go and see—
*And they left him to sleep in the tomb whar he
died.*

And thar's moaning—a moaning
Back in the cave,
Floyd Collins' palace is Floyd Collins' grave!

Yay! And he found it—a silver lit hall
Further than Egypt and under a wall;
Big di'mond boulders that dripped with gold,
Fox-fire torches and that wasn't all . . .
Nobody ever saw Floyd's cave afore,
Nobody crawls in the hole anymore;
Floyd in his deep palace rules thar alone—
Floyd in his last sleep guards the one door. . . .

And thar's angels a-singing
Fur in the cave—
Floyd Collins' heaven is Floyd Collins' grave!
The Chicago Daily Tribune. MacKinlay Kantor.

AMY LOWELL.

Now she is one with Beauty. She who heard
The call of loveliness in each rare thing
Of craft or nature; lilacs, night of spring,
Feel of warm fur; old volumes, crossed and
 blurred
The subtlety of sound, the soul of a word;
Her fire-lit group in friendly loitering;
Great tragedy, quick humor, thoughts that sing
In the sweet passion of a bard or bird.

Now she is strong, who faltered not in pain
From her beloved task, and joyous she
Who loved bright youth; eager and fleet again,
Companioned in a high felicity,
"Among the poets" whom she died to praise.
Now she is one with Beauty for all days.

The Boston Transcript. Abbie Farwell Brown.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Here is a man who is four square,
Of humble birth but noble air,
 Who drank the dregs of poverty,
 And gave his life that men be free.
And live in hope and not despair.

In peace he sleeps without a care,
'Neath granite shaft and winding stair,
 Still pointing upward hopefully,
 Here is a man!

No craggy height he did not dare,
Nor eagle's flight he did not share;
 With outstretched sail upon the sea,
 His ship swept on for Liberty,
Till safely anchored Over There,
 Here is a man!

Henry Polk Lowenstein.
The White Hall Register—Republican.

AMY LOWELL.

Let no biographer, like artisan
Who molds an image from the metal say
"She was—she said," for such are partisan
To death, its fulsome weakness and decay,
And Amy Lowell lives! The whimsical,
Strange, hidden something which we call her
soul

So interwoven in the magical
Sweet cadence of her rhythms found the goal
It sought, and laughing threw the cloak away
Which served its fleshly purpose for a day.

Ah, what a royal welcome Keats extends
First at the swinging Door! The happy host
Of poet-spirits stand as waiting friends
While she, the weary one, desiring most
A little respite from the earthly grind
Finds rest in such a port. Her garments spread
And flow like lyrics on celestial wind—
Yet there be those who speak of her as dead!
When lesser word-forms shrivel and disperse
Her voice shall trumpet through the universe!
The Baltimore Sun. *Anna Hamilton Wood.*

FAREWELL LA FOLLETTE!

The end must come to all men,
To mighty and to small men.
(But who can measure which is which by human
measuring line?)
We only know the ripe time
Has come to you, of all men,
The one whose record and whose deeds bespoke a
clean design.

Your heart was big for loving.
Your brothers were your brothers.
(You held contempt for brotherhood whose other
name was "class.")
You fought a valiant battle
With hate you met in others,
A hatred which was hollow as the ring of sound-
ing brass.

The ideals which you sponsored
Were for finer, nobler living,
(The world has scoffed at ideals since those raised
in Galilee!)
Yet you bore the brunt and burden,
All the struggle of free giving.
God grant the coming years may open eyes of men
to see!

So farewell, farewell, La Follette!
May your well earned rest be tender.
(Tender as the soul of you which so few really
knew!)
And the memory we cherish
Of a great heart's free surrender—
Ah, may it light the shadowed path as you would
have it do!

The Baltimore Sun.

Anna Hamilton Wood.

CUSTER.

Still winds the Big Horn's crooked stream,
Silvered or dark as sunlight wills;
Ancient and scarred and mystic seem
The gray, rock-strewn, half-glassless hills,
'Twas here in eighteen seventy six,
As June flowers filled the lonely land,
That Custer, prey of Siouan tricks,
Fell, and his little fighting band.

A warm breeze fans, as on that day
Those troopers joined their deeds of fame.
Grim stone to journeyers display
The formal date, the immortal name.
From swinging trails the dust swirls rise,
The grouse slants to the parching plain,
Above outspread the same vague skies;
Forever rife with hints of rain.

Here, in a hopeless ambush trap
George Custer and his little squad,
A Sioux wall without a break or gap
Surrounding, rose to meet their God.
I have no doubt he welcomed them,
As heroes from a blood-wet grave,
Who, one to ten, yet strove to stem
That flood of hate—God loves the brave.

I, who go plodding to the field,
Or at my desk roll cigarettes,
I, of the pen,—how small the yield!
While they—an hour—and none forgets,
Flow onward, Big Horn, Yellowstone,
Press on, Missouri, to the sea;
Custer, his comrades are our own,
Ours now and to eternity.

The Sioux City Journal.

Will Chamberlain.

THE BALLAD OF CAP STREETER

Cap rose at sunset out of the lake,
A gun in one hand and a writ in the other;
He was the bitter-cold lake's bad brother.

Fight—ye plutocrats,

Fight—ye kings—

Sneer from the velvet of soft-lined cabs!

I got the power the north wind brings—

An' I'll see ye in hell

An' I'll see ye in hell . . .

He built a bulwark of ice, they say,
And he wriggled his dirty hide down to the river
And pounded the hosts of the Palmers away;
He lived on oatmeal, he lived on liver.

Oh, he fought through the steam

Of the ugliest years—

He swore that he'd load up

And fight them again!

Sing of yer Drives and yer Bolyvards clean . .

I own the Deestriect of Lake Michigan.

An' I'll see ye in hell!

Cap, he had armies of swordfish behind him,
Blue-spangled trout, and the breakwater wolves;
All of the creatures that live in the shallows
Swarmed to his standard and lined up beside him
Ma with her skillet, and Cap with his gun,
And a bold skirmish line by a rusty tin can . . .
Git from my premises! Jesus Christ saw me
Squat on the Deestriect of Lake Michigan.

Still in the storm when the green waves are nasty,
Running up Erie, you'll see his thin ghost
Chasing reporters with brickbats and fury . . .
I own the Deestinct of Lake Michigan!
I squatted here before ye can remember;
All the fish know me—all the wet stones.
Tear down the houses, tear up the paring,
Git the hell outa here.

Ice cakes and bones,
Bestial spray, fog-horns,
River marsh stench—
This is the Deestinct of Lake Michigan!
An' I'll see ye in hell. . . .

The Chicago Tribune. *MacKinlay Kantor.*

CHOPIN.

Between each page a hidden fragrance lies
For him who seeks. There are bold visions
there—

Elusive visions, castles made of air—
Or other children, creatures of surprise!
The creatures of caprice, of mournful sighs,
Of merriment and grief too great to bear—
All show the impress of the master's care,
So bitter-sweet their natures harmonize.

The tangled arabasques of golden tone
Are tapestries of interwoven sound.
Their tonal splendors oft are lightly thrown,
The underlying harmonies around.
These none may see who hath not vision known,
Or ever hear—who hath not hearing found!

The Baltimore Sun. *George Schaun.*

ROBERT LA FOLLETTE

Honor him now for honor is his due;
He builded well a temple strong and tall,
A mighty leader and a master, too;
He gave our land a vibrant battle call
That shall re-echo through the coming years
When mouths of lesser men are filled with dust

And all their slighting words have changed to
cheers.

Then shall we hail his vanquished cause as just:
Ideals formed his goal; his only fears
Were that his cherished dreams be dimmed with
rust.

Though hung in effigy as he has been,
Still shall he live in clean, undaunted pride:
We speak of him as "radical" . . . but then
On Calvary one such was crucified.

The Deseret News.

Edith Cherrington.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

He sleeps—
No roar of battle now
Calls color to his cheek
No challenge knits his brow
No perils does he seek
But falling where he stood
For lofty things—and good
He Sleeps—

He sleeps.
Yet in his life acquired
Thru consecrated zeal
Like those of old inspired
The tryst of that ideal:
The brotherhood of men
Whose bond is Love—and then
He sleeps.

He sleeps—
Who fought a noble fight
And ever kept the Faith
Ne'er armor shone more bright
Than his—whose shining saith
His victories shall grow
Thru all the year—altho
He sleeps.

The Chicago Evening Post. *Charles A. Heath.*

HIDDEN COUNTRY

"My mind to me a kingdom is," he said,
That gentle poet of the long ago,
And he was right, for I have found it so;
And there are valleys, cedar-dark, and fed
By shining springs, and drowsy plains, rust-red
With leagues of flowers, where great waters
flow,
Where cloud-crowned peaks dream in a sap-
phire row,
And weary winds find a luxurious bed;

And there are cities, fair with iris towers,
And castles, girt with opal as a dream,
And secret gardens, gemmed with wizard flowers,
Where birds of unknown beauty drift and
gleam;—
These wonders, and a thousand more, I find
Within the pleasant country of my mind.

The Dallas Morning News. Bertha Hart Nance.

MY CHINA

POEMS

O my China!
Never yet have I really met thee!
Never yet have I known thy heart!
Yet I am ever conscious of thy existence—
I, thy poor son, in a house that gives no welcome
Where thy name is a byword, a byword and a
taunt

O my China!
Mine ears have heard,
Mine eyes have witnessed
These things:
Thy sons and daughters despised, cheated, beaten
murdered
Because thy blood is their blood!

O my China!
My sincere, tolerant, good-natured China.
What praises dost thou not deserve!
But thy sons and daughters—
There is left them not even tears.

MADMEN AND CHILDREN

There are the madmen and children:
The madmen are my teachers;
The children are my friends.
I follow the madmen.
But I walk with the children
Into the land of light.

THE FOOL

"What did you do, you fool?"
The missionary professor
Smites the door-keeper on the cheek
And growls at him.
He thinks the missionaries have done their work
In such a successful way
That every Chinese may follow the words of
Christ.

But, alas, the door-keeper fails
To turn to him the other cheek
After the one has been smitten.

The Chinese Student's Monthly. *Kwei Chen.*

WAITING

No more do longhorns roam the range,
No more do cowboys ride the trails;
The water holes are fenced with wire . . .
Sadly the lonesome coyote wails.

Wistful, silent, lonely and old,
Dreaming of the days that have gone,
The cowman awaits God's roundup,
Holding fast the cards he has drawn.

The Denver Post.

E. Richard Shipp.

CHOICE

Could I but have my choice of anything,
The melody of singing nightingale,
Of lily buds unfolding, soft and pale,
Or clustered nook where children play and swing;
An alchemy to which new hopes might cling,
A quiet morn, a gentle summer breeze,
A peaceful starlit night with cares at ease,
Or fragrance of the daffodils in spring;

A crystal pool, or golden glint of snow,
Pale moonbeams stealing softly through the
night,
The voice of Love, the rustle of a tree;
My choice would be the loveliness, the glow
Within a picture gleaming through white light
Of Him, who gives these wonted things to me.

The Columbus Dispatch. *Tessa Sweazy Webb.*

IN THE DAWN OF TIME.

Deep in the mammoth woods no man remembers,
By streams whose vanished waters no man
knows,
A Cave-Lad crouched before the cavern embers
And brooded on his people's joys and woes.

"It's an old, old world," he murmured,
"An old, old world and fair,
The dust of buried ages
Whispers from earth and air,
And the bones of ancient races
Are scattered everywhere.

"It's an old, old world, but pleasant
And laden with memories
Of how our bold forefathers
Roamed over plains and seas,
And how the antique ape-men
Came stooping from the trees."

* * *

Still lost in dreams, the Cave-Lad left his fire,
And at the granite cavern door he stood,
Hearing the birds in multitudinous choir
Charm the dense leafage of the virgin wood.

"It's an old, old grove," he murmured,
"But sadly marred by man.
How magical the glens and hills
Before our rule began!—
Before the shouts and swinging clubs
Of the boisterous hunting clan!

"It's an old, old grove, but peopled
By creatures foul and dread,
By sabre-tooth and panther
And bear and copperhead.
And these shall howl and mutter
When all our tribe are dead."

* * * *

The Cave-Lad sighed, and wandered back to muse
Near the log fire on the cavern floor,
Gazing at quaint designs in many hues
Carved on bare rock a thousand years before.

"It's an old, old cave," he murmured,
"An old, old ghostly cave,
Haunted by hands and faces
Long in a nameless grave.
Men that the wolves have taken,
Men slain by storm or wave.

"It's an old, old cave, but shielded
By arms long passed away.
Oh, let us toil and struggle
To be as brave as they,
And build a fair tomorrow
On our glorious today!"

* * *

Deep in the mammoth woods no man remembers,
By streams whose vanished waters no man
knows,
A Cave-Lad crouched before the cavern embers
And brooded on his people's joys and woes.

The New York Times.

Stanton A. Coblenz.

WINTER MAGIC

Stray moonbeams dance across the snow-lapped
meadow

And chase their shadowy lacings thru the trees,
Whose gaunt arms, powdered deep in dazzling
splendor,

Lift shaky fingers as the night winds tease.

The little brook which babbled thru the summer,
Now threads the hush of newly drifted snow,
Like some forgotten ring of frosted silver,
Plaything of pixies in the long ago.

Stilled is the song of katydid and cricket,
Deep in his hole the chattering chipmonk hides:
Alone, the fiery cardinal dreams of summer,
As winter magic broods and silence bides.

The Philadelphia Bulletin. *Anne M. Robinson.*

A LEGEND.

The three kings in their purple and brocade
Came to the holy manger. Mary wept
Weak tears of pride at those rich gifts they laid
Upon the clean straw where the young Child slept.
"How beautiful the golden ball," she said
"The box of myrrh, the alabaster jug
Of incense. Put them here beside my head
To keep for Him, beneath the saddle-rug."

The Child grew swiftly. When He came to be
A stripling, Joseph helped Him make a chest
To put His childish treasures in; the three
Gifts, and His Sabbath robe seamless vest.

And Christ would raise the lid of olive wood
And let His brothers look, when they were good.

Then came the scourge to Nazareth, and all
The family but Christ, were stricken down.
He sold the Gold at the money-changer's stall
And took his sick to hills above the town.
But Joseph kept the scourge's mark, and died
Lingeringly; so Jesus gave the Myrrh
To spice his tomb. . . And Mary thought, "A bride
My Christ will want, sometime. He'll give to her

The Frankincense." . . . Undreamed of was that
day.

That Friday, when her anguish found no tear
Till, kneeling by His treasure-chest to pray,
She found a scrawl, dated in His twelfth year:

"This is the nicest Gift of all I had . . .

For Mother. . Open sometime when you're sad. "

The Kinsley Graphic.

May Williams Ward.

I HAVE SEEN AMERICA

How dare you banter me for being gone
These dozen years into the Woolly West?
What have you seen, who see Manhattan Island
And never trek beyond Hoboken Heights?
Why, fellow, I have seen America!

I'll chant for you a nomenclature poem:
Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,
Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan,
Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska,
Kentucky, Tennessee, the two Dakotas,
Titanic Texas, Utah, Idaho,
Wyoming, Colorado, Arkansas,
Montana, California, Oregon,
Alaska, Washington, New Mexico,
Nevada, Louisiana, Oklahoma,
The names themselves are lyrics and the list
An epic. I have read and loved them all,
Absorbed their inspiration, fed on them
Until I am myself your Woolly West.

I tell you I have seen America!
What have you seen, who for a score of years
Have seen Manhattan and the Palisades?
You have seen subways, elevated tracks,
The swirl of whizbang taxicabic traffic,
The white bright lights of Broadway and the girls
Whose painted lips and whited cheeks and noses
Look ghastly, and the spatted ogling dudes;
And in the side streets you have seen the wraiths
Of womanhood soliciting the ruins
Of things that once were men or might have been;
And you have seen the leg-shows under roof,

And watched the antics of the jazzy actors
Performing jazzy plays for jazzy morons;
And you have seen the canyoned streets downtown
The fading splendors of the Avenue,
And—anything at all worth while, I wonder? . . .
Yes—joy, O joy!—the gentle, drowsy cats—
The cats serene amid the mad wild rush. . . .
The one delicious, lyric loveliness
In all your whooping city, sleeping cats,
That care no tinker's damn for all your jazz
But takes their ease upon the brownstone stoops
And dream of Catnip Heavens—happy cats!
The only truly happy denizens
Of this conglomeration. Have you seen them,
Or has the cat-contentment passed you by?
I wonder. . . . I have seen America!

Ha, fellow, banter me no more! I say
I've seen America since I escaped
Manhattan! I have seen the Mississippi,
A wriggling ribbon from St. Anthony's Falls
To the Eads Jetties at New Orleans,
Badging the bosom of a continent;
And I have seen the pines of Washington,
The firs of Oregon, the great sequoias
Of California, punching holes in clouds,
Their topmost branches tickling angels' toes.
Sierras, Rockies, canyons cut by gods,
And with the gods and goddesses by moonlight
Spoonng upon the everlasting benches
With never a copper from the Morals Court
To spoil their petting parties. . . I have seen
Outlaws in Texas by the Rio Grande
Shoot seven sheriffs whilst they rustled cattle,
And I myself have felt the epic thrill
Of bullets binging all about my ears—
And you have paid your thirty-seven cents
(Including war-tax) to observe Tom Mix,
Bill Hart, or what's-his-name—some counterfeit
Bad man—do movie stunts that never happened,
And then a fadeout with a rouge-lipped "star"
Being slobbered over by a phony "hero"—
Whilst I have kissed three girls in Albuquerque,
Mexic-Americano señoritas

With lips like sundered roses, eyes like mirrors
And bosoms bountiful as chaste Diana's
When that enamored lady of the moon
Stoops to caress the drowsed Endymion!

What have you seen whilst I have seen America?
Reserve your fire next time I visit Gotham,
Or shoot at something you can hit and hurt . . .
Now let's parade in Forty-second street
And see those lions sitting on the steps
Before your Public Bastile of the Books,
Reminding me somehow of certain states
Of cast-iron dogs that used to occupy
Lawn space in old Jim Slocum's big front yard
At Willow Springs, Missouri. I have caught
And caged (and liberated, through remorse)
And vastly more artistic, April last,
A couple o' cats almost as large as these
On Pawnee Johnson's rancho in Wyoming,
Spending a week-end there with Bucky Rhodes
And flirting lightsomely with Bucky's daughters,
Two cowgirl belles who fancied me a softy
Because I'm from the East—St. Louis, Missouri!

What have you seen, and kissed, and flirted with
Here in Manhattan? What exhilarations
Of sense and spirit have been yours conventioned
With customs stale as last week's clabbered milk?
What poesies are yours in this damned chasm
Of racuous insults to the auricles,
Where one can't hear the music of the spheres
Because of this staccato of discordance?
Why Holy Cats! . . . Which fetches me again
To that placidity of perfect art,
Sole compensation for my fortnight here,
The cats, the drowsing cats, the dreaming cats,
The don't-care, never-give-a-damn, contented
Unrushing, unbewildered, unafraid,
Old-timey Toms and Tabbies living nature
And being poems, O unconscious poems!

I'm glad I came, since I have seen the cats!
What have you seen these dozen years since I
Went Westward? . . . I have seen America!

The New York World.

Robertus Love.

HUMAN HEARTS

It surely is surprisin' what these human hearts
can hold—

Jest enough o' strength an' courage to endure an
make us bold;

Jest enough o' inner sunshine to dispel the gloom
o' night.

An' a buoyancy o' feelin' fer to make the burdens
light.

They embrace a lot o' worry too, an' sufferin' an
woe,

An' they almost stop a-throbbin' when the light o'
hope burns low;

But there always is a somethin' that revives an'
carries on—

Sets us workin' an' a waitin' for the comin' o' the
dawn.

They are full o' disappointment that are bitter
with despair;

They are heaped up high with ruins o' the dreams
we've nourished there.

But they're blest with strength an' power, an'
materials galore,

Fer to build the castles higher than they've ever
been before.

They contain a bit o' hatred an' a lot o' jealousy.
(All o' us have jest a little, even you, my friend,
an' me)

But they hold a lot o' kindness, too, an' tenderness
an' love.

So the hate an' jealous feelin's are forgiven up
above.

They are haunted by the shadows of the goals we
might have won,

An' the smiles we might have given, an' the good
we might have done.

Yes, they have a little tendency toward the shallow
things,

But they hold a lot o' heaven fer to cure the evil
stings.

They are hiding many secrets that are sacred to
our souls,
An, a wealth o' cherished memories are written on
their scrolls,
Which they often bring to bless us in our time of
loneliness
When we long for days departed, or a loved one's
fond caress.

Ev'ry heart holds many shadows—imps o' pain
an' doubtin' strife
But they're necessary evils that must come in
ev'ry life.
There's so much o' love an' goodness stored in
ev'ry human heart,
That the shadows seek the corners when we try
to do our part.

We can make this life seem brighter, if we fill our
hearts with love
An' the nobler things that bring us nearer to our
God above.
Though our hearts hold many shadows, we can
make them shine like gold,
Fer it surely is surprisin' what the human heart
can hold!

The Deseret News

Walter M. Horne.

FAITH

Doubting never won a battle,
Doubting never made a name,
Doubting ne'er made shekels rattle—
It is *faith* that wins the game.

Doubting never won a lassie,
Doubting never staked a claim,
Doubting always has been passe—
It is *faith* that wins the game.

It's *faith* in the thing you're doing,
It's *faith* in the things you plan,
It's *faith* in your heart a-brewing
That writes "*Success*" and "*You Can.*"

The Warren-Forest Times.

J. Roy Zeiss.

LULLABY

Go to sleep, my darling blue-eyed baby,
Cuddle close in mother's arms, my dear,
Sandman's on the way, I hear him coming;
Close your little eyes and do not fear,
Mother's arms will be a boat for baby,
So sail away across the dark, blue sea;
Then when you have visited all the fairies,
Sail right back to Daddy dear, and me.

Go to sleep, my darling, little baby,
Travel off to slumberland tonight,
Then when you are tired, dear, of roaming,
Come back in the morning when 'tis light.
Angels will be watching o'er you, baby,
Lest you should fall in slumberland, you see,
Now, close your eyes and go to sleep, my darling,
But come back again to Daddy dear, and me.

The Deseret News. Elizabeth Fechsler Hanson.

KEEPSAKES

I have often wished, my baby, that when you went
to stay,
They had taken all your little things and hidden
them away,
Your old rag doll, named "Sally," your little rock-
ing chair
Standing by the window — you left it empty
there—
And no one rocks your dolly or hums the lilting
tune
Of the song about the "Sunbeam" you liked so
well to croon.

I find no touch of solace in your little folded
clothes,
They are like the wilted petals that have fallen
from a rose;
There is no consoling mem'ry in the little shoes
you wore,
They are just the mocking echo of your footsteps
on the floor;

I hoarded all your treasures, for then I didn't
know
That the things you used to love the best had
power to hurt me so.
And I often wish, my baby, when death consumed
your light,
They had taken all your little things and hid them
from my sight.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Edith Cherrington.

THE HOME OF THE JEW

Turn my face to the East, tho I'll never be there—
For the hours of my journey are run,
But our Daystar is rising and thou shalt return
To the vales of Judea, my son.
Back to the place, to the land of our race—
I know for His word standeth true—
To Canaan's fair strand, our own Promised Land:
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

Long and hard have the years of my pilgrimage
been,
Yet He's blessed me in basket and store;
And praised be the Name who from yonder dark
steppes
Led my feet to this wonderful shore.
But the longing of race for language and place
He's bestowed, whose word standeth true—
O that I might stand in our own Fatherland—
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

How oft in my dreams I have tasted the fruits
On the hills that our prophets have trod,
And layed my tired feet in the cool crystal streams
That flow by the gardens of God.
How fair to the eyes the blue smiling skies
O'er the plains that the Shepherd Boy knew
In our youth's golden page, now the stay of our
age
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

Then plant for me trees in the forest, my son;
Renewed and refreshed be the soil,
May the sons of thy children inhabit their lot
And partake of the vine and the oil;
From the Most Holy Place may the Light of our
race

Stream forth the dark world to renew;
From thy borders flow peace, that never may
cease,

Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

Thus gladly I gather me then to my rest
From the sorrow and stress of the day,
Mine eyes are beholding the City of God
With the streets where our children shall play.
My days they are run, but thou, O my son,
Shall return, For His word standeth true,
Led by His hand to our own fatherland,
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

The Jewish Tribune.

Flora Cameron Burr.

THE PHANTOM REVIEW

(The Night Before Memorial Day.)

Come phantom feet in the wind tonight and
soundless drum beats roll,
As a wistful host of shadow men come marching
through my soul.
Death marches at the head of them, Death closes
every file,
Dead men form every rank, and Death reviews
them with a smile.
This is his endless army. He recruits it as he
wills,
From Armageddon through the years to France's
bloody hills.
Tonight in Grand Review he brings his greatest
regiment:
Men of the Marne, of Meuse-Argonne, those
youthful sons you sent
Across the sea. Death in command, they grimly
march again
Down through the mists of memory and sorrow's
silent rain.

Your son is there, and I can see my buddy with
his squad,
Those seven men whose fearless death was a salute
to God!
They march "Eyes Right!" to Death tonight—
tomorrow they will pass
In deathless Grand Review, at first by ones and
then enmasse,
Down living streets of memory, where Love and
Grief and Pride
Are in each heart's reviewing stand, saluting side
by side.
Thus once each year, these and the rest who died
as soldiers do,
From Death's parade ground march again in
silent Grand Review
Through every heart. Yet if we give them only
flowers and tears
In our salute, what boots their ghostly tramping
through the years?
Oh, silent host of soldier dead, of wistful shadow
men,
Our pledge, to ease the watch you tread: "It shall
not be again!"

The Santa Fe New Mexican. *S. Omer Barker.*

CROSSWORDWOCKY

'Twas ille, and the isopods,
Did ire and timbrel in the re;
All ipse were the ergo quads,
And the rad ohms aut nee.

"Beware the crosswordwock, my son!
The asp, the emu, and the gnu!
Avoid the llama, also shun
The roc and python, too!"

He took his beta blade in hand;
Long time the oslo foe he sought;
Then tsetse he by the nacre tree,
And stood awry in thought.

As thus in theta thought he stood,
The crosswordwock, with pi's aflame,
Came moron through the ulna wood,
And nitid as it came.

Un, du! Om, tu! And through and through
The beta blade went oc and ac!
He left it ed, and, with its sed,
Came ululating back.

"And hast thou slain the crosswordwock?
Come to my arms, myopic boy!
Omega dey, Cal! Ukele-
Le!" Umlaut he in joy.

'Twas ibid, and the olios
Did apse and ovum in the ort;
All ichor were the adios,
And etaoïn shrdlu tort.

The New York Herald Tribune. *C. B. Gilbert.*

TAMPA

Low, rambling docks along tide-water ways,
Delicious sunlight, spilling down the street
In shallow golden pools; the fragrant, sweet
Perfume of oleanders, lazy days
Beneath old palms, are memories that blaze
When through a northern blizzard's stormy sleet
I seem to hear the warm gulf's pulsing beat,
And mocking birds, in madrigals of praise.

When like a full blown rose the sun drops down,
In dreams, I see thee, glamorous port of call,
With sapphire sea and glorious evening star.
Within the Spanish quarter of the town
In fancy, I can hear, behind a wall,
The tinkling of a troubadour's guitar.

Franklin N. Wood.
The Christian Science Monitor.

THE PLACER MINER.

For forty years I've followed the trails...
Mushed my dogs through an arctic night
In the land of the midnight sun,
Chasing the ghost of a drunk man's tales
In a wilderness of frozen white,
Searching for gold and finding none.

I've toiled through an ocean of sand,
An eighty-pound pack on my back,
To a place I saw in a dream
And found nothing but dobe land;
I've bet my hand and played my stack
On many a raw wildcat scheme.

From the Yukon to Mexico
In cold and heat I've panned the sand
Until I thought my back would break
And never got even a show;
Worked hip deep in mountain streams and
Found pay in the bed of a lake.

I've frozen in a land of ice
And sizzled where the cacti grew,
I've lived on bacon and sourdough
And stolen a Chinaman's rice
When I lost my grub in a tundra slough;
And I've been blown to sea on a floe.
I've cursed my God and prayed to die
As I crawled across the burning sand
To reach a dusty waterhole;
I've seen buzzards circle the sky
Above a sun-cursed desert land
Waiting for the flight of my soul.

I've made a stake and thought I'd quit
And take it easy growing old;
Then I'd hear of a strike somewhere
And hit the trail forgetting it...
I can't shake the call of the gold
And I'm bound to get my share.
All my life I've lived out doors...

Once, when I had my right leg broke,
They put me in a little pen,
A house with white walls and stone floors...
God of love! I thought I would choke,
And I swore then, Never Again!

The Casper Herald.

E. Richard Shipp.

LIGHTED CANDLE

I light a candle in my heart
For you, beloved one;
I light a candle and its glow
Is as a yellow sun.

When you are gone I warm myself
Beside its tawny blaze:
Remembrance—all that means, my dear,
In lonely nights and days.

I light a candle just for you,
And laugh within the light,
Who never again shall fear the dark
Nor know the dread of night.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

George Elliston.

LOVE A GARDEN WISELY.

Love a garden wisely, love it not too well,
Lest, Circe-like, it hold thee with a subtle spell;
Lest, when clothes grow shabby, it shall stay thy
purse,
Murmur, "Roses, fences—all these things be
first,"

Lest when books entice thee, it dare make com-
plaint,

"For the seat and dial must I wait in vain?"

Lest when far lands call thee, it shall whisper
bold:

"Think not they are fairer though high-walled
and old."

Lest when comes thy summons, blasphemous, it
cries:

"Me, thou shalt remember—yea, in Paradise!"

Love a garden wisely, love it not too well,
Lest, Circe-like, it stay thee with its subtle spell.

The New York Times.

Frances Higgins.

THE RAGGEDY DOLL

I found today
All tucked away
In an attic of treasured things,
A Raggedy Doll, and see again
My little son, as he sings
A broken tune to a battered toy,
Rocking it to and fro,
Poor old—dear old Raggedy Doll,
A little boy loved you so!

I see the tears
Of the baby years
That fell on a cotton chest,
And fast asleep, the loving arms
That hugged you to his breast;
A constant friend of the happy hours;
A solace for childhood's woe,
Poor old—dear old Raggedy Doll,
A little boy loved you so!

The New Haven Register. *Nan Terrell Reed.*

ATLANTIC CITY WAITER

With subtle poise he grips his tray
Of delicate things to eat;
Choice viands to their mouths half way,
The ladies watch his feet

Go carving dexterous avenues
Through sly intricacies;
Ten thousand years on jungle clues
Alone shaped feet like these.

For him to be humble who is proud
Needs colder artifice;
Though half his pride is disavowed,
In vain the sacrifice.

Sheer through his acquiescent mask
Of bland gentility,
The jungle flames like a copper cask
Set where the sun strikes free.

The Crisis.

Countee Cullen.

THE MUSIC.

There are music boxes hidden deep
In the mighty canyon walls,
Where whispering winds forever keep
The echoes of water falls.
Sometimes they shriek in laughter wild
Then die in a whining moan
Like some poor wandering hungry child
Forever seeking home.

The chief of a doomed and dying race
Sits close by his camp fire side
And tells of the weird and wicked place
Where the Evil Ones abide.
Talks of the braves of long ago
When the land was rich in game
Before the war-like Navajo
Drove them from the fertile plain.

A red-man foe and a white-man's greed
Drove them still further west
Till they found supply for a simple need
And a quiet place to rest;
Down by the falls of Havasu
Where the canyon walls gleam red
And the music sings the long night through
A chant for a hope long dead.

A hope that lived through woe and want,
In the heart of the savage child,
Till ruthless Death stalked grim and gaunt
Through their loved canyon wild.
Then the Fates combined with the Evil One
And all joined hands with death
'Till hope died out when the day was done
And they listened with baited breath—

To the music scream in wild delight
Then die in a whining moan
And they thought of the last lone soul at night
When the tribe has all gone Home.

(NOTE.—The Havasupai Indians are cliff-dwellers and live at Grand Canyon, Arizona. Margaret Smith, in *Good Housekeeping*, speaks of them as a "doomed and dying race.")

The Deseret News.

Minnie J. Hardy.

LITTLE SISTERS

All ye who love Saint Francis well, in this hard
winter weather,
Spread out a feast of crumbs and grains, that lit-
tle friends in feather,
Whom dear Saint Francis loved so well he called
them "little sisters,"
And when he preached they were so still one could
have heard a whisper.

Although the saint has gone to heaven, his little
sisters linger,
And surely those who love him still will gladly
raise a finger
To feed his friends! And ne'er let day go by with-
out redressing
Some need, to gladden Francis' heart and gain
ourselves a blessing.

The Buffalo Express.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

IN A HUNDRED YEARS

I wonder at night as I sit and gaze
Out over an ocean wide
Who will be here in a hundred years
To watch the wash of the tide.

Will they love the glow of the cottage lights,
And the touch of the drifted sand?
And the sunset shine on the little creek
That runs through the marshy land?

Will they see the moon and its Golden Path
That leads to the Don't Know Where?
Will they dream old dreams and miss old joys
In the spray of the salt sea air?

And over their hearts will darkness steal
Like grief that is close to tears?
Oh! who will be here, as I am now—
Who—in a hundred years?

The New York Sun.

Nan Terrell Reed.

IN THE DAYS OF GOLD

In the good old days of the gold dust strife,
When the miners dug for the ore of life,
And the wilderness of gold and beast
Gave way to legions from the East,
'Twas there in Dead Man's Gulch, they say
That poor Bill Williams passed away.
Now, Bill was a man of brawn and brain,
Whose search for gold had been in vain,
But Bill was loved, and the saying goes,
When poor old Bill turned up his toes
The miners moaned and vowed aloud
As they placed poor Bill in his miner's shroud,
He being quite uncommon clay
Deserved a fitting obsequy.
So a preaching parson soon came round
To talk poor Bill beneath the ground,
And the diggers dug a hole, they say,
To put his good old dust away,
A hole that for its size might hide
His cabin, horse and traps inside.
Now, Parson Walker talked so long
To that eager, kneeling, sighing throng
Around poor Billie's gaping grave,
Each man by force of habit gave
A scratch into the earth around
And lo! the throng of miners found
The earth was full of gleaming gold
And, sure as this true tale is told,
The Parson threw his Bible down,
Tore off his long and sable gown
And 'mid the nodding tumult fought
For gold, and no one thought
Of poor Bill Williams lying there
With still that sad undying stare.
That day the miners buried Bill
Upon the slopes of a nearby hill,
And to this day you'll see a cross
Bemoaning poor Bill Williams' loss.
Upon his grave and in letters bold
The story of his life is told.
It tells how in his life he failed,

In vain the mining regions trailed
For gold—but struck when lying dead
A mining million-dollar bed,
Enriched his mourning comrades nigh
Who knelt to lisp a last goodbye.

The Californian.

John J. Burke.

THERE WERE CROSS WORDS BETWEEN THEM

There was a Jewish High Priest and his name
began with A—

He was vertical as any man can be;
But a horizontal animal came creeping in his way,
And the first of its three letters was a C.

A little to the east of them there stood a finished
yak

Gazing idly at a flivver in a fen;
But a celebrated general his happiness did balk,
The first of whose eight letters was an N.

In another distant corner stood an emu in despair,
With a thirst that made his funny body ache,
For he couldn't get a single drop of water any-
where,

Without an ancient synonym for lake.

Now I'm going to leave them vertical; I'm going
to leave them flat—

They'll be safer with a more phlegmatic man—
But I'd like to see the finish of that uncompleted
cat

When they cross him with a gawky pelican.

The Detroit A. C. News. *Samuel Hoffenstein.*

STARTING TOMATERS IN VERMONT

When March's ripping, roaring steeds

Begin to slow up some,

It's time to plant tomaters seeds

And wonder if they'll "come;"

"That paper bag—where is it gone,

With paper scraps inside

To which the seeds was sticking on,

Like ladybugs that's dried?"

"Hunt up the old chipped sasser now,
That 'blonged to Grandma Gough;
We'll soak the buggers, anyhow,
And watch the pink come off;
And here's the boxes, full of dirt
As rich as Burbank tills,
The sun can't say that he'll feel hurt
To see our windersills."

"They'll soon poke up their heads and arms
Right through the meller sile,
And stand as straight as little palms
Along the sacred Nile;
Them boxes, painted household green,
Are pretty apt to bear
The biggest plants—that cracked tureen
Sucks in the winder air."

"They like warm water, dishpan broth
Jest stimulates their veins;
They need a little grease and froth
To ease their growing pains;
By George! they're cute as little kings
That strut upon the stage,
As though they'd do tremendous things
When they become of age."

They grow so fast it takes a stick
To hold 'em up that's stout;
They get to be as tall and thick
As rozbries, jest about;
The preacher asks for thirteen plants,
Which makes your heartstrings pull,
And both your husband's in-law aunts
Take home their aperns full.

One eve in May you're pretty glad
To transferplant the lot;
Of course at first they wilted bad
The moon shone out so hot;
But soon they got to growing grand,
They blossomed and they bore,
The neighbors begged and et and canned
And you had three or four."

The Bellows Falls Times.

Daniel L. Cady.

GROWING OLDER

Growing wrinkled—growing gray—
Growing older day by day
Seeing old friends drop away,
Seeing former dreams decay;—
Watching old illusions fade,
Noting old mistakes we've made,
Hearing vanished voices call,—
Growing older, that is all!

Growing older,—growing dull—
Weary and un-beautiful,
Deaf to airs that charmed before,
Lured by rain-bow gold no more,
Thoughtful by the wintry sea
Waiting that which is to be
White the lengthening shadows sprawl—
Growing older—that is all!

Growing older, growing tired
Of the things we once desired;
Longing for . . . we know not what . . .
Something ancient or forgot . . .
Memories beyond re-call . . .
Very likely that is all!

Heaven send the gray cocoon
Maybe, somehow sundered soon!
Heaven send that Time and Death
Prove the butterfly beneath!

The Rutland Herald.

Arthur Goodenough.

ARMISTICE DAY, 1925

Sleep on ye brave 'neath Flanders Fields
The flaming poppies still proclaim
For Right which ne'er to Passion yields
For Peace which through all time shall reign
Thy blazing torch still lights our way
And leads t'wards Love's Triumphant Day.

The Buffalo Express.

Millard S. Burns.

PALESTINE

The father's hair was white, was white;
The father's heart was lead;
And he awoke one long, long night,
And weary was his head;
Oh, he awoke one sad, sad night
And left his creaking bed.

"Where are you going, father mine?"

"I'm going there to die—
To Palestine, to Palestine,
With many a groan and sigh;
To Palestine, to Palestine,
I'm going there to die!"

The son, his hair was black, was black;
The son, his heart was strong;
And strong and straight was his young back;
And in his throat a song,
Oh, straight and strong was his young back,
And in his throat a song.

"Where are you going, son of mine?"

"I'm going there to live—
To Palestine, to Palestine!
I'm going there to give
This life of mine, to Palestine!
I'm going there to live!"

The Jewish Tribune.

A. B. Shiffrin.

THE BALLOON MAN

In his dim room all day he sat
Blowing up toy balloons,
Tying their gaping mouths with twine
To stem their airy tunes.

And so he holds each satin ball
A captive by the string,
For on the morn each brilliant sphere
A recompense must bring.

His east side room a rainbow is
Aglow with magic light,
As breezes stir the balls swing round
Like Chinese lanterns bright.

Next day sets forth this little man
To where sweet children play,
Across long city streets he comes
Where all seems holiday.

Then to the Drive he quickly turns
With gay bouquet held high,
Green, purple, orange, yellow, red,
What glory 'gainst the sky.

The children see, and gather round,
In joyous breathless glee,
And soon each tiny hand holds tight
A string excitedly.

Then off they dart, a roaming band,
Each happy with his toy,
And doubly recompensed is he
Who can create such joy!

Agnes MacCarthy Hickey.

The New York Telegram.

ROSH HASHANAH

I stood, today, in a temple,
Like one of the olden time;
And I dreamt a dream recalling
The scenes in an Orient clime;
And I felt, though somewhat strangely,
An influence sublime!

And before me hung the tablets
Of the old Mosaic law;
And the white-robed ancient Rabbis,
Again, in that dream I saw;
And the Hebrew psalms are chanted,
Those hymns of praise and awe.

And Israel's pristine splendor
Arose, as in days of old,
When each prophet after prophet
His tale of promise told;
And the shades of by-gone glories
Before my vision rolled.

'Tis the New Year of the Hebrew;
That ancient sacred day,
When the memories of the ages,
Awake from time's decay,
And the hopes of future glories
Are bright as the morning's ray!

I beheld the chosen children
Of the Great Eternal God,
Still bend in mute submission
To sorrow's painful rod;
Desirous still to follow
The road their fathers trod.

And I asked if a faith so lofty
Could be but a passing show?
And the echoes of the by-gone
Replied to my doubtings, "No!"
And I felt in their constant waiting,
Their strength must nobler grow!

The Jewish Tribune.

Joseph K. Foran.

I CAN NOT LIKE THE DAWN

I can not like the dawn. It
Brings
So many pensive, wistful
Things.
A crystal dew, red, brilliant,
Sun,
Memories of the things I've
Done.

. . . I can not like the dawn, you
See,
The trade I ply is
Burglary.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Sixteen.

THE URCHIN

There's a fairy-eery urchin
Down the crooked, winding street,
And he dances on his tip-toes
And is sovereign of his feet,
With a grace that is appealing
And a glee that is a treat!

There's a strumming and a drumming
And a droning in the street—
All the rumbling wagon noises
'Midst the city's sultry heat;
And a tinkling hurdy-gurdy
Makes you take a curbstone seat—

Just to listen to its rythm,
Just to see this youngster dance,
Only as the carefree children
Of the slums know how to prance—
Though their balance may be barefoot
On the slimmest spot of Chance!

The New York Telegram.

Bella Flaccus.

THE WOOD BECOMES A SEA

In the great wood on my cot I lie
Looking up at the trees.
The sun has dropped low in the sky,
Shadows swing in the breeze.

This wood becomes a mighty sea
With its wide rugged floor;
Coral-like tree trunks rise near me
From this submerg-ed floor.

The canopy of leaves high o'er,
Moved by the gentle breeze,
Send ripples to an endless shore
Where dark forms move with these.

The deepening shadows a quest
Are calmer nether waves,
Where I am lulled to sweetest rest
In swaying with the waves.

My cot becomes an enchanted boat,
In calm and peaceful sea,
To bring me back to childhood afloat,
Rocked on my mother's knee.

The Pineville Sun.

H. H. Fuson.

THE PUZZLE OF POETS

Some bard in ancient times once said
That "poets are born, not made."
None can gainsay nor treat with scorn
The flight of wisdom thus portrayed
Or doubt by giddy thought arrayed
In modern verse, misused and torn,
With eloquence of fancy shorn,
They now are made not born.

The Washington Times. George Sands Johnson.

THE MOONLIT PATH

Dear Heart, the shadows of the Night
Begirt us round with mystery,
But there's a stretch serenely bright—
The moonlit path across the sea.

The brine hides depths we cannot know
But there's a light for you and me,
As beautiful as is the glow
The moonlight spreads across the sea.

O depths beyond our fathom line,
How fair thy surface still may be,
While Love gives life a glimpse divine
Like moonlight on a summer sea.

The Independent Gazette. Washington VanDusen.

A QUICK RECOVERY

I was worn and I was weary,
I was all fed up on work;
In each day so dull and dreary
New distresses seemed to lurk.
So I said: "On my vacation
I will seek my boyhood home,
Find my rest and recreation
In the lanes I used to roam.

"Country air, with perfume laden,
Will exert its healing spell,
And I'll woo again the maiden
Whom I used to love so well."
While my fond imagination
Felt her lips upon my cheek,
I alighted at the station —
In the midst of "Progress Week."

Thru the surging crowds demented,
Waving flags and siren screams,
Down the country lane (cemented)
Came the maiden of my dreams.
Both her float and she were painted,
She was fat, with henna'd hair,
And her signs read, "Get acquainted
With the Shoppe For Ladies' Wear."

I was cured of my self-pity,
Caught the first train for the city.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Iris.

MOON OF LEAVES

The little green leaves are a golden glow,
With a flaming of red when the snow-winds blow
From the land where the snows are deep.
The little gay leaves of a summer's day
Are tucking their heads and their hearts away,
And going to sleep . . . to sleep.

Golden and scarlet and soft woodsy-brown,
And gay as a gypsy band just come to town,
They cover streets, meadows and streams.
And tucking their wee wrinkled selves down deep,
Not knowing the old trees a vigil keep,
They're off in a winter of dreams.

The Lancaster Enquirer.

Ruth Eckman.

THE CARILLON

We sat
On the cool, pale brow
Of a jagged rock.

A full red moon,
Across whose face
The night had gently
Laid her fingers,
Climbed the branches
Of a feathery pine
Till she rested
On the topmost branch.

Fireflies stopped
Their ceaseless dance
To hang suspended
Like tiny lanterns
Spangling the silken scarf
Of night.

Bells—low and resonant
Like the deep spell of
Wise men's thoughts.

Sounds—lovely as the laughter
Of a waking child.

Chimes—the sequined studded hood
Of a holy sister against the sunlight.
Music—the rush of sun-flecked waves
That kiss the cool of evening sand.

Chopin on the rainbow colored hue
Of a slender shell.
Love caressing the notes
Of a silver-toned flute.

My soul
A vibrant keyboard
Resounding to the touch
Of God.

The Boston Transcript.

E. Chamberlain.

THE CALL OF THE HILLS

Vermont! Ah, 'tis she
That is whisp'ring to me
Of the rocks where the rill rushes over*
The glen sweetly wild,
Where I played as a child,
And the honey-bees out in the clover.

How she throws on the screen
Ev'ry beautiful scene
From a film of the days long ago!
And my soul, how it thrills
At the Call of the Hills
And the mead where the blooms are aglow.

From this Jungle of Cain,
With its struggle insane,
From a cause which they don't understand—
Social right undertrod,
In defiance of God,
To a share in the value of land—

From the soul-filling theme,
Of a world to redeem,
To the beautiful Vale of Champlain,
For a while let me go
Where the bright waters flow,
For to ease my heart-hunger and pain.

Oh! this ev'ry-day grind
I would leave far behind,
For a scene to my heart more akin,
Where the birch in the brake†
Glisten deep in the lake,
And the mountains are mirrored within.

How I long for the glade,
In the deep maple shade,
Where the sun shimmers into the stream!
And oh! for a climb
Through the balsam and pine,
To be lost in a beautiful dream. . . .

Like a child tired to play,
Let my soul fade away
'Neath the pine, dear Vermont, on thy breast;
And lulled by the croon
Of a rivulent tune,
Sink into sweet slumber—and rest. . . .

A thir aluinn mo chroidhe.†
I am dreaming of thee,
In the city down here by the shore;
And I long for the day
When I'll wander away,
And bask in thy beauty once more.

* McLaughlin Falls, Mendon, Vt.

† Lake Dunmore.

‡ Gaelic: "Beautiful country of my heart " Pronounced:
"Ah heer awlin mach ree."

The Brattleboro Reformer. *Hardiman Kelly.*

SOME PENSIVE RECOLLECTIONS

(After discussing "The Green Hat" with a member of the
Younger Generation)

Do you recall the good old days, the days of long
ago,
When we were *also* twenty-one, and not yet dull
and slow?
We, too, were cynics then, my dear, and dared to
speak the truth!
Ah, me, how worldly-wise we were before we lost
our youth!

Yes, we were cynics then, my dear, without a
gleam of sun
To warm our bitter, aching hearts when we were
twenty-one—
And yet we lived and loved and danced, and few
who knew us guessed
At all the worldly thoughts that seethed within
each youthful breast!

We had no *Mencken* then, my dear—but *Kipling*,
red and raw,
And *Wells* of "*Ann Veronica*," and dear old
wicked *Shaw*
Sufficed for all our youthful needs—and what *they*
hadn't got
We used to supplement with yards of Omar's
Rubiyat.

For we were cynics then, my dear, of quite the
deepest dye
Who used to mention *Oscar Wilde* and never bat
an eye!
Ah me, what fun it was to doubt, and oh, what
joy we had
In feeling old and worldly-wise and cynical and
bad!

Well, those gay days are gone, my dear, and we,
no longer wise,
Have come to doubt our very *doubts* as well as
ears and eyes!
The world that once looked black and white—two
colors, made to stay—
Has now become a thousand shades of pearly,
blending gray!

Yet—we were cynics once, my dear, without a
gleam of sun
To warm our bitter aching hearts when we were
twenty-one!
Yes, we were cynics once, my dear, and dared to
speak the truth!
Ah, me, how worldly-wise we were before we lost
our youth!

The Des Moines Register. Helen Cowles Le Cron.

PERFUME

So sweet have been some moments spent with you,
Their fragrance shall stay with me all life
through,
That even strangers as they pass me by,
Draw in a breath of beauty that we knew.

Sarah Hammond Kelly.
The Albany Democrat-Herald.

CITY HOUSES

*"Does not your house dream? and, dreaming, leave
the city for grove or hill top?"*

—Mahlil Gibran in "The Prophet."

Out in the night the city houses stand,
Dreaming in darkness.

And I see their dreams.

They are grown statelier than any noon
Has ever seen them.

They are grown slender, swaying in soft rhythm,
Starlight and moonlight, and a blue, bright darkness.

Almost I hear them singing,

Almost I hear them laughing.

Surely these whisperings are their long yearnings
Become articulate upon the night.

Each one, each dumb and blind and longing one,
Is come at last into its dream.

Into the dim green forest of its love.

O dreaming city houses,

I know you, who you are.

You soft and tender ones,

You strong and searching ones,

You bright and careless nonchalant and gay,

Under the sky you go upon green lanes

Of rapturous enchantment.

You are unchained of day and all its bars.

Your gates are opened.

I know you. We are brothers to the night.

We are both still and comforted of noon-time
sounds,

Cooled of its fevers, shriven of our sinning,

But, oh, it was not sinning!

We were awhile laggard and forgot the stars.

Now, my dear friends, we dream again, forgetting

The long, sad things we looked upon.

For are you not winged? Am I not?

Do we not fly together to the sea

For healing of the spent unmindful days?

There go your wings of dream upon the night.

And what shall stay their going?

Dream and return, and dream and come again,
Even as I. Night is our dwelling place.
O night, O darkness, it is in thee we live,
Our wings upon the air,
Our feet close folded like a bird's in flight.

O dreams of city houses, you and I
Go out into the blessing of the night,
Each to his own heart's home for comforting.

The New York Times.

Barbara Young.

FROM A PERSIAN LATTICE

My throat aches with the joy of it,
The pretty lacquered cages, swaying, swinging,
The lady-golds pecking at their seed-cups,
The filtered sunshine glowing
Through tasseled, blue-green jades,
The balls of dull pierced silver jangling in the
wind.

My throat aches with the beauty of it,
The blinding ache of Chinese lacquers
And jeweled ornaments,
The empty ache of cuttle-fish and hemp seeds,
The rasping ache of chirping, gaily-plumed birds.

My cage, too, sways in the sunshine,
Sways from golden loops and silken cords.
My jade seed-cups are filled with cloying sweets,
Languorous lotus buds cling and swing up to me,
Waft their breath out to me in my painted cage.

My throat is white, my body quickens;
I cast the spell of sensuous delight,
Having no song, I feed the eye with pleasure,
Dust out of dust, I know that there is joy in the
tree tops,
But I lie prison-couched by my rose lattice,
Waiting until the night brings caresses.

Mrs. L. Worthington Smith
The Boston Transcript.

CALLING

I wish the little crushed hopes that lie
So deep in my heart, would not wake and cry
When Spring comes. They have lain so still,
I prayed that the pain and tears might kill
The tender buds. But the soft spring sky
Stirs them to life again . . . and I . . .
I could forget . . . if they would die!

The Houston Post-Dispatch. Lillie H. Caufield.

BEDTIME STORIES

Cuddle down now, honey, shet youah little eyes an'
go to sleep.

Ef yuh doan', dey'll sompin' git yuh! Now's de
time when quar things creep

All aroun' among de shaddahs! Look's lak dat's
a umicohn

Peekin' in now, at de windah—peahs lak I ken
see 'is hohn.

“Wat's 'e look lak?” Wal, a umicohn all dress
hisself in white,

Wif a red head an' a blue tail, an' he prances roun'
at night—

Listen! Heah dat ole hyeny laughin'? Dat's de
way dey do

Wen dey think dey's gwine to ketch yuh! Soun's
lak he's right out heah, too!

Er it mout er been a griffim—griffims dey flies
roun' on wings—

One could come in at de transom—griffims is de
scariest things!

“How big is dey?” Big as lions! Great long
claws dat scratch an' teah—

Listen! Thought I heahd a griffim, jes' now, com-
in' up de staiah!

Guess it mout er been a porkypine—he sets dar
on a stone

Jes' a-sharpenin' up his quills to shoot yuh when
yuh's all alone—

Laws! I hope dey ain' no gorgoms now, a-prow-
lin' roun' dis place;

Wy, yuh tuhns right into stone ef yuh jes' sees a
gorgom's face!

I guess dat mus' be a dragom movin' undaneaf
youah bed—
Thought I saw his tail a-wrigglin'. I hope he
doan' show 'is head!
"Wat's a dragom?" Wal, a dragom he's got fiah-
balls foh his eyes;
An' he's big! Oh, I cayn't think ob nuthin' dat
am jes' his size—
Tail's so long he winds it roun' hissef! He's got
de fierces' claws!
Ef yuh mek 'im mad he jes' spits fiah an' smoke
out ob his jaws!
"Wat's he eat?" Wy, he eats chillun! Piles dah
bones up in a heap!
Wat's de mattah wif yuh, honey? Ain' you nev'
gwine go to sleep!

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

B. Y. Williams.

ANGLESEY

Bald Holyhead wades into sea;
With shoulders lifted high;
The turquoise hills of Anglesey
Come stumbling, tumbling by.

Stone hedges wantonly ascend
To cross enticing crests;
Through undulating fields they wend
Upon idyllic quests.

In woods beyond, as long ago,
Perhaps white Druids dwell,
And search for sacred mistletoe
To word some magic spell.

I'd like to tarry here and till
A field in Anglesey
And set my house upon a hill
That flirted with the sea.

All day I'd labor on the soil,
Beneath a foamy sky;
At eventide with close of toil
I'd watch the ships go by—

To wonder whence their rudders plied
And whither they were bound,
To laugh at travelers denied
The quiet I had found.

Would I? Or would I feel an urge
To quit the placid shore,
And grapple with an angry surge,
A wanderer once more?

The Chicago Evening Post.

Wayne Gard.

IN DEATH VALLEY

FOREWORD: In 1849 or 1850 a party of men in the gold rush to California, left the beaten trail at Salt Lake and sought to go through Nevada, believing it to be a shorter route. Many of the men had with them their wives and children. They crossed over the Funeral range into Death Valley, but only ten or a dozen succeeded in crossing the Panamint range, 15 or 20 miles distant.

Sand! Sand! Sand!
Nothing but sand!
As far as eye can see, sand!
A barren, waterless waste of sand!
Cruel,
Silent,
Sinister,
Menacing!
A place of fear,
Not any living thing is here!

Before the devil's hell-hot breath,
Laden with death,
The sand shifts and drifts,
Drifts and shifts
In ceaseless waves
Covering and uncovering
Sun-scorched bones,
Bleached, white bones . . .
Bones of men,
Bones of women,
Bones of children, . . .
While the Panamints look on.

Poor devils!
They sought for gold
The gold at the end of the rainbow
And struggled on and on,
Their tongues swollen and black,
Their lips cracked and blistered,
Suffering the tortures of hell.
They saw green meadows,
Sweet, lush green meadows,
And friendly trees,
Trees whose branches cast deep shadows,
Their leaves whispering in the breeze;
Trees beside rushing streams,
Streams of clear, sparkling water!

Only a little way,
Such a little way,
To the green meadows,
The friendly trees,
The rushing streams,
And Life!

There were no green meadows!
There were no friendly trees!
There were no whispering leaves!
There were no cool shadows!
There were no rushing streams!

There was nothing but sand!
A barren, waterless waste of sand!
Cruel,
Silent,
Sinister,
Menacing!

Scorched by the devil's breath
In this place of death
They died
While the Panamints looked on!

The Casper Herald.

E. Richard Shipp.

CAYUSE

During its last session, the Legislature of South Dakota spent many valuable, state-paid hours debating ways and means of ridding the western counties of the half-wild, unclaimed cayuses, which once—it is easy to suppose—had been faithful servants of the ranchmen. Some were for shooting, while others suggested rounding up the animals and shipping them east as choice steak or canners

He's a vagabond in horseflesh—
With old saddle scalds and stains—
Cropping down the off-trail coulees,
Fighting flies upon the plains.
Once he curved behind the cattle
Through the rain or shining sky,
Now they're calling him a nuisance,
And declaring he should die.

When the branded brutes were bolting
From the blizzard's sheeted cloud,
He, in answer to a pressure,
Stemmed the wild and headlong crowd
When the night-stampede was stewing
Quickened by the thunderbolts—
Did he round the frenzied rabble
Or go crazy like young colts?

I am saying he was faithful,
I am saying he was true
As the dome of God above him
That the western stars peek through;
And I'm adding, it is shameful—
Viewing all his silent scars—
To shoot him like an outlaw,
Or consign him to stock cars—

Him and all his unclaimed brothers,
And ship them east to can—
It isn't square and proper,
Nor the ways of range-bred man.
Think of easterners a-picking
His red flesh from out their teeth—
Flesh that grew from breezy short-grass,
Or the canyon's dewy heath!

No, I want to see him garner
His earned living from these plains;
No one counting on his carcass
For some stealthy dollar gains;
And when death, meet time, comes riding
With a silvery rope in hand,
Give his honest bones a corner
In his own dear Cowboy Land.

The Sioux City Journal.

Will Chamberlain.

SCARECROWS

Honey, does yuh see dat scahcrow standin' out dar
in de fiel'?
See his ahms wave when de win' blows? He's per-
tendin' dat he's real!
See his ol' blue pants a-flappin'? Ragged coat an'
ol' slouch hat?
He's all stuffed wif straw—yes, honey, dat's what
meks him look so fat.
He's out dar tuh scah de sassy crows an' black-
birds all away—
Why, dem birds ken eat mo' cohn dan yuh can
plant mos' any day!
But when Mistah Scahcrow looks so fierce an'
kinda waves his ahms
All de timid crows an' blackbirds flies away tuh
othah fahms.
But dey's one li'l shiny blackbird, bravah dan de
bigges' crow,
An' he says, "Ah'se gwine tuh 'vestigate dis thing
befo' Ah go!"
An' he flew a li'l bit closah, callin' out his sassy
note;
Perched right on de scahcrow's shoulder, pecked a
button on his coat;
Den he winked his eye an' says, "Dis am a fake."
He laffed in scohn,
An' he settled at de scahcrow's feet an' went tuh
eatin' cohn!
An' he says, "Ol' Mistah Scahcrow, yuh'se a useful
frien', Ah see,
Foh yuh scahs away de foolish birds, an' leaves
mo' cohn fo' me!"

Dis ol' world am full ob scahcrows, honey—meet
 'em every day—
An' de timid an' de foolish folks is easy scahed
 away.
Yuh jes' 'membah 'bout de little blackbird, how he
 wouldn't run—
(He wuz kinda scairt a little)—but yuh 'membah
 how he done?
Marched right up tuh Mistah Scahcrow! Den he
 laffed at what he saw!
Sometimes fierces' lookin' troubles is jes' scah-
 crows stuffed wif straw!
Yuh jes' meet 'em bravely, honey, an' as shuah as
 yuh is bohn,
Ef yuh'se got de grit an' courage, yuh is gwine
 tuh git de cohn!

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

B. Y. Williams.

FOOTBALL, DEDICATING THE DRAKE STADIUM

NOVEMBER SEVENTH, 1925

When first my eye ran round the bowl,
The wind and snow had swept the whole
In one great triumph. Earth and sky
Were white with blizzard racing by
 Before its battle cry.

And then I saw them. Underneath
The tempest claw and tempest teeth
They kept their places, man with man,
Heedless of all the icy ban,
 Holding their fighting van.

Then from the melee's heart there sprang,
A runner, of the North Wind's fang,
Swiftly defiant. White or blue
The sky—he neither cared nor knew
 Till goal was carried through.

One moment for a breathing space—
And then the push, the blinding race,
With pelt of snow and slip of feet,
With twist of sinew, darting heat,
The heart's tumultuous beat.

Youth and young blood upon this ball,
The earth itself—leap to the call,
And Atlas-thewed, sweep far and far
From morning sun to evening star,
Against all thwart and bar.

Lewis Worthington Smith.
The Des Moines Evening Tribune.

ESTHER TODAY

You have all heard the story of Esther,
Who pled for the Jews long ago;
Who rescued our race from destruction,
Who delivered our brethren from woe,
Do you think when you read of her courage,
So great for a girl to display,
And her simple, unfaltering devotion,
That an Esther is needed today?

We need women, real mothers in Israel,
Who love their faith dearer than life,
Who will teach Israel's faith to their daughters,
And arm worthy sons for the strife.
For enemies, deadly as Haman,
Are still eager our people to slay;
And to battle with falsehood and error
An Esther is needed today.

Let us then do our duty as she did,
Trusting God to the last—unafraid;
Let us never be traitors or cowards,
When our people beseech us for aid;
Forget not that He knows his people;
That He will protect us alway—
And remember to fight for Him gladly
If Esther is needed today.

The Jewish Tribune. Elma Ehrlich Levinger.

RETROSPECTION

(Old Home Week, Ellicottville, N. Y., Aug. 18-23, 1925)

How tranquil seems the dear old farm's domain;
So sheltered by the Cattaraugus hills.
The swaying scythes upon the meadow plane—
Free perfumes, which the passing breeze distills.
The orchard, still is by the corn field bound,
How oft beneath those apple trees I played;
The squirrels flee before each trifling sound,
To branches, whence the sparrow flies dismayed.
In one broad branch, a robin and his mate,
Enroll a note of sadness in their lay;
The empty nest, explains their pensive state,
Their birdlings, now full fledged, have flown
away.

Along the smoky fallow stroll the sheep,
In search of herbs that instinct bids them know;
Their bleating lambs rush down the sloping steep,
To woods, wherefrom the echoes come and go.

And down the lane, familiar discord swells,
The cows are hurrying home, 'tis milking time;
Upon my ear, their tinkling, rustic bells,
Sound sweeter than the grand cathedral chime;
The spring of sparkling water near the road,
Flows to the trough, where waits a thirsty
throng;
Tired oxen heave beneath their heavy load,
And frogs in chorus, croak their evening song.

Down from a cloudless sky, there fell a pall,
Eclipsing thus, the dearest spot 'neath heaven;
The ponderous clock, high in the City Hall,
Had caused this, by its loudly striking seven;
Into the room, the sun sent shafts of light,
But I, dim-eyed, gazed down Time's ceaseless
stream;
No backward turn, 'twas stories told last night,
By schoolmate friends, that caused this happy
dream.

The Buffalo Express.

Mary Q. Laughlin.

A BIT OF SHAMROCK

Only a bit of shamrock from far off Emerald Isles;
But it carries my lonely heart o'er the many miles;
And in fancy takes me back again across the years
Until with tender longing my eyes fill up with
tears.

Once more I see my mother, as in the days of yore,
Busy with her knitting by the little cottage door;
And dad with his pipe of clay, and cheery Irish
smile,
Resting from his labors on the weather-beaten
stile.

I can see my sweetheart, with her eyes of Irish
blue;
Her glances quite coquettish; her heart quite
warm and true.
There's not another like her—she is so sweet and
fair;
And I love my colleen with a love beyond compare.

I've been in many countries, and roamed through
many climes,
But naught can bring such yearnings as thoughts
of olden times.
And days of care-free youth in that land across
the foam,
Spent with the ones I love, in that County Kerry
home.

So it's back again I'll sail, within the next few
days;
I'll revel in the home-town with its quaint Irish
ways.
May angels guard my parents and little colleen
sweet,
And keep them safe from harm 'till on Erin's
shores we meet.

The Gaelic American.

Mary Davis Reed.

ESTHER

Oh, Saviour-Queen;
Whose deathless fame
Still haunts the centuries;
What mystic charm was thine
That caught his kingly eyes?
Oh, Flower of Israel;
What holy passion—fragrance
That enticed the fancy of a king,
Who plucked thee from thy humble home
To grace a royal throne;
What eloquence in thee
That stayed a tyrant's hand;
What a courageous heart
That braved a majesty's decree?
Ah, for the spirit-beauty
Of thy soul that rose
In prayer amidst thy people's woes!
Oh, Saviour-Queen—
Yes, Israel's own
Would that thy spirit-beauty.
Courage, grace, might crown
Thy sisters of a later day;
For the tyrant's hand is yet upraised
And thy people have much cause to pray!

The American Hebrew.

Herman E. Segelin.

A BOOK OF POEMS

This ancient garden that embowers me
In beauty
Is the bright illumined book
That, long ago,
A dear, dead lady took
And therein wrote, in bloom, her poesy.

Her sonnets here in daffodils she sang.
And, laughing, wrote
In April violets
And flaunting tulips,
Her gay triolets.
On Canterbury bells her lyrics rang.

Her love songs were those crimson roses there;
These clashing poppies,
Runes of jealousy;
The bleeding heart,
Her dead love's elegy. . . .
The lifting lillies were her hymns of prayer.

Low lies the lady of the garden—dead
Long years—but still
Her poems live and glow. . . .
I walk and read
What she wrote long ago. . . .
With her sweet wisdom I am comforted!

*Would not more poets meet the sad world's needs,
If they, like her, wrote songs—in flower seeds?*

Roselle Mercier Montgomery.
The New York Times.

GOALS

When blood is hot and the pulses quick
And childhood laughs at the merry trick,
And faithfulness means discontent
The goal of life is merriment.

Youth and its solitary dread
Without its bosom pillowed head.
Would pledge life's all and love confess
To gain the goal of happiness.

When there is need at every turn
With fame and fortune yet to earn,
And there is striving hour by hour
The goal of life is Power, Power.

When blood has worn down thin and cold
And scarcely warms the pulses old,
And ended every scheme and quest
The goal of life is just rest, rest.

The Booster.

Lynas Clyde Seal.

LAODICEA

By the fruit I never stole,
For it hung too high for reaching;
By the lie I might have sworn,
But that truth stood out confest;
By the woman's heart left whole
That turned flint to my beseeching:
By each ill design, forborne
As occasion missed the zest:
By the narrow paths I trod,
Faint with longing for the broad:
By the broken spur and trace
That gave panting quarry grace:
By all unsought mercies, found
'Twixt the saddle and the ground—

Judge Eternal, dost Thou hearken?

Soon must day be one with night.
Tell me, ere the sun shall darken
And the dark design show bright,
Ere the urgent flame devour
Soul and body for its prey,
Wilt Thou see me in that hour
As I see myself today?

For heaven all unmeet,
Too innocent for hell,
Till the mire about my feet
Foul me, breast and arms as well:
One that has not loved Thy law—
Never broke, save through desire:
Neither ripened ear nor straw,
To be saved nor set afire:
Neither sheep nor goat outcast,
On the Tribune's left nor right—
See me stand beyond Thy face,
Abject still—still not chastised,
With the risen soulless past
Heedful not how Thou requite,
'Mid the inoffensive race
Of the mad and unbaptized?

The Commonweal.

Henry Longan Stuart.

FLOTSAM

Some of us are bits of flotsam,
We're tossed upon the sea;
No one cares whence nor wherefore,
We are ruled by fate's decree.
Sometimes the sea is stormy,
And we're weary with suspense,
But still we drift on with the tide,
And hope for recompense.

We are souls who have been shipwrecked,
And cast upon the sea,
We're crushed and bound and beaten,
But our faith has made us free;
We're subject to the elements,
And do not comprehend,
But hope to reach the chosen shore,
At our long journey's end.

Perhaps a king will claim us,
And will gently bid us stay,
And if he grants us mercy,
Then we will not say him nay;
But we will do his bidding,
And will steadfast be and true,
The souls that have been flotsam,
Will be born again anew.

The Detroit Free Press.

Clara Mieh.

FATHER AND SON

There's nothing so great as being the dad,
To some fine youngster, some worthy lad;
And the man who can claim a boy's esteem,
Is richer by far than his fancy can dream.
He can take the life that is placed in his hands,
And fashion at will just the thing that he plans.
So give me a man who's solid clear through,
For to things worth while he's loyal and true.
He's the man to be the friend of a lad,
He's the man to be a dependable dad.

The Carnegie Herald.

James Carl Crowson.

THE INDIAN PAINTBRUSH

(Wyoming State Flower)

Thou, like some brilliant genius in the swirl
Of mankind, dost stand glorious by the stream,
Where grow rank weeds and greenest vines, that
twirl

Their tendrils 'round the trees and shrubs, that
seem

In their wild freedom like a jungle lone

Within the wilds that border some streamside—
There, queen of brook-side flowers thou dost abide;
Thy crimson leaves like brightest ruby-stone!

Not many are thy comrades, like hoar minds

That stand forlorn, yet, loveliest in their sphere!
Alone, or two are all thy company;

Yet in that stream-sung jungle no one finds
More beauteous flower deep-red as ruby clear—
So lone, like genius in humanity!

The Casper Daily Tribune. Louis M. Eilshemius.

MARSH—WILD DUCK SEASON

Red dawn came crawling up the slope

The marsh knew not a sound—

The rushes stood in solemn ranks

About a musk-rat's mound.

Sharp-etched against a span of blue

A flock of teal veered by;

Slow-trailing like some great kite's tail

Along the morning sky.

A puff of sooty powder smoke

Comes curling from the reeds

Where some stray duck had fluttered in

To feast on wild-rice seeds;

And I am filled with jealous rage

Because that hunter found

A better place to pitch his blind,

Beside a feeding ground.

The lone eye of the morning blinks
And guns still vent their hate—
A black crow flaps across the fields
To perch upon a gate;
The ducks are few and wary now—
The hunters' pipes burn hot
And one by one they amble home
Along the pasture lot.

Oh! man is made of savage flesh
And once he dwelt in caves;
He fed on fowls that cleaved the air
Or fish that plowed the waves;
So when Grim Winter threatens him
And Autumn winds blow harsh,
His cave-man spirit yearns to kill
The wild things of the marsh!
The Cedar Rapids Gazette. Jay G. Sigmund.

EASTER HYMN

Hail triumphant day of days!
Hail thee! Glorious Easter morn!
Flowers speak our silent praise,
With them, we Thy church adorn!

Hark to words of Victory!
Hark the anthem's joyous peal!
This the Christian's jubilee!
Make us thankful as we kneel.

Praise we Him on land and sea,
Christ the grave could not control,
Proving His divinity!
Praises while the ages roll!

Risen is one Glorious King!
There He reigns eternally!
Death has lost its dreadful sting,
Graves have lost their victory!

The Holly Leaves.

Frederick M. Steele.

DAFFODILS

And now here come the daffodils,
The trumpeters of spring,
All tooting joy, which thrills and thrills,
The while again they bring
Their happiest note attuned with cheer
To tell that spring is truly here.

I am always glad when daffodils
Lift up their golden horn,
To wake a day whose waking fills
With mellowness the morn,
And lures the southwinds thru the air
To bear away my winter's care.

I always thought the daffodils
Which rise from frigid earth
Were heroines with hearts and wills
To understand the worth
Of holding hope thru days severe,
And burst with joy when spring is here.

So blow your best, dear daffodils,
I will listen full and long,
To every note which ever thrills
With your returning song;
And when at night I rest my head,
I will dream sweet dreams thus comforted.

The Chicago Evening Post. *Charles A. Heath.*

THE DIFFERENCE

When stern denial hurts the heart,
Life and its common ways
Or treasured things have little worth
For many days and days.

But when a heart's desire comes true,
Oh! sad things turn to gay
Enchantment makes life lovely as
A golden colored day.

Florence Van Fleet Lyman.
The Springfield Republican.

THE SPIRIT OF YESTERDAY

To the A. E. F.

Was the Adventure a rare romance
Of the tinted fields where the poppies blow?
Was it the sport of a waking trance?
Was it a dream of the long ago?
Where are the legions that marched to the fray?
Where is the spirit of yesterday?

Where is the busy camp, at dawn
Astir at the call of the reveille?
Where the transport trains that were thundering
on
And the transport ships at the shore of the sea?
And the millions who cheered as you went away?
Where is the spirit of yesterday?

"Where is the world," you ask, "that was ours?
The generous greetings, sincere and warm?
The streamers and banners and flags and flowers,
And the glory that went with the uniform?
And the love of a nation attending our way?
Where is the spirit of yesterday?"

O'er the cities and farms of this goodly land
With its shops and crops, its hustle and din,
The spirit of peace extends her wand—
The lasting peace that you helped to win.
The boon that we share in her gentle sway
Was won in the spirit of yesterday.

That spirit awoke at your country's call
To rescue a world; and again it would rise;
And the walls of aggression again would fall—
That spirit may sleep, but it never dies;
It lives to triumph "forever and aye,"
The knightly spirit of yesterday.

The Columbus Dispatch.

C. B. Galbreath.

FLOTSAM.

Fragments of unstoried lore
Lie upon this pebbled shore,
Flotsam of a hundred years
Dripping with forgotten tears.

I.

"I was a masthead, proud as foam—
Egypt and China were like home.
Now I am destined by the tides,
Wind for the pilot-hand that guides."

II.

"You are looking at my scars—
Sea-worms bored my spine.
As a servant, once, of Mars,
I was fit and fine
Till a gunner found my craft
With a burst of Hell!
Seas have moaned and winds have laughed
At the tales I tell."

*In the winds, a muffled whine
Of a sea-ghost soaked in brine.*

III.

"There were chanteys
On the deck
That I came from
Till the wreck
Gave the wind
That human sound
Dreams of chanteys
Can not drown."

IV.

"You can not say a prison ship
Loved kisses of the sea.
I was a prow that loathed to dip—
You can not say a prison ship
Kissed only seas. I curled my lip
On rocks to pay the fee.
You can not say a prison ship
Loved kisses of the sea."

*From driftwood bleaching under skies
Hazy dreams, like heat waves, rise.*

V.

"I, an ancient cabin door,
Two-foot six by five-foot four,
Have been battered by the sea. . . .
My captain's ghost would not know me."

L'ENVOI

"The ageless sea is wide to wander in—
Upon its face we leave no mark, nor track.
We follow sea-birds, calling to the wrack.
We have known every shore. Oh, sea, that cowers,
Life is ours! . . . Death is ours!"

The Town Crier.

Helen Emma Maring.

ON LIVING IN A THIRD FLOOR
APARTMENT

I was one whose delight
Was ever found
In tilling a little
Plot of ground.

Yet I, earth lover,
Must go up,
And have my blooming
In a cup.

I said since I can not
Plant nor sow,
There'll be naught to watch,
For there's naught to grow.

But I find what never
Before found I—
The length and the breadth
Of the open sky.

Now my garden needs
Nor hedges nor bars
For I tend the clouds
And pluck the stars.

The Norfolk Landmark.

Julia Johnson Davis.

FROM THE MELTING-POT

I am of America. I love the very name of it!
My father marched beneath its flag the day he
went to war. . . .

From beneath the door sills of my mind strange
shapes and dreams and longings flit.
Old tribal, racial fantasies, from time and coun-
tries far.

While walking on the prairie grass I catch a whiff
of heather.

The Little People peek at me from ferny bog and
glen.

Though rude the wind that shakes the trees, 'tis
lovely Irish weather

Smooths down my cheek . . . I hear the bells
toll out from Dhir na fin.

Or trudging through the rain at night I see a
sun-bit desert,

Where heaps of sand and whitened bones lie look-
ing at the sky,

Through Oriental pageants I'm led toward a hid-
den city

Where from high mosques, muezzins call to prayer
the dwellers-by.

One picture often shimmers forth, the glittering
Armada,

The flower of Spain that Philip picked to break
the English power,

Upon the decks, with haughty steps, the seigneurs
walk in grandeur,

Not knowing that Fate's finger's pointing to their
tragic hour.

The high, gray walls of old Seville . . . the bull
ring . . . voices shouting . . .

What is it dies when men do? Or . . . do they
die at all?

Why should I feel the Irish wind, my heart be
thrilled and shaken

At sight of Persian cities or a silken Spanish
shawl?

The Kansas City Times. Patricia Lowdermilk.

EL CAMINO REAL (THE KING'S HIGHWAY)

"Perhaps the earthquake's strength among the older structures was felt more keenly by the Santa Barbara Mission, known as the 'queen of missions' on the Pacific coast. When the temblor struck, the mission's two graceful towers which rose to a height of sixty feet, crumbled and crashed to the stone court below, carrying with them the silver-throated bells which have called the monks to prayer for more than a century"—News Item

What traffic thru this dust has flowed
In bygone years, this winding road
From Mission here to Mission there,
Between each two a full day's fare,
Tho now but one or two safe hours
Of travel waits between the towers.

What news of old on hoof or wheel
Has come, catastrophe or weal;
Of gold discovered, Mormon raids,
Temblors and Indian ambuscades;
Of Russian threats of occupation,
Change of orders in rotation;
Independence had its day.
Then Confiscation, Civil Sway—

Like beads on some huge rosary,
The chapels stretched in sympathy,
Or like the chimes of bells that hung
In niches in their walls, and rung
Metallic antiphons at dawn
And noon and night the fields upon.
But Time has changed the ancient course,
And dried up every Mercy's source.

Today the beads are all unstrung,
The singing bells for long unstrung,
And cracked or fallen from their place—
The walls have parted in disgrace,
Returned to soil their crumbling stones,
To lie upon their founders' bones.
One here, one there, beside the way
The bells hang mute, a lone array,
In loving memory dedicate
To sacred thorofares of state.

Hope came one day this road along,
And went not back, but lives in song.
Still burn the holy tapers, rise
The solemn chants to mellowed skies;
The richest in the land they molded,
Now with empty hands and folded,
Slow they fare with little grieving
From the cooling world, and leaving
None alive to turn the head,
And none to welcome but the dead.

The Jacksonville Daily Journal. John Kearns.

HELEN TRIUMPHANT

Troy lay in ruins behind us as we fared over the
foam,
Seeking the gardens of Sparta and the white candles of home;
Paris had died in the battle, but, though Night
walked on the sea,
I saw his face in the shadows, I heard his heart
whisper me.

The towers of Ilium had crumbled and fallen in
dust to the earth;
The roses had lost their sweet fragrance; there
was no laughter or mirth;
Over the sea-fields we journeyed; white were the
gulls in the gloom,
And their wild screams were the voices of demons
that mocked my grim doom.

Bracelets of silver were waiting and, while I
stified my pain,
Lo, they were fixed on my round arms and held
by a stout silver chain;
I was a slave in the palace where my bright beauty
once shone,
And Menelaus was scowling as I crouched low by
the throne.

I was the fairest of women, fair as the roses are
fair;
My eyes were like stars softly gleaming through
the dark night of my hair;
My lips were as warm as red rapture and softer
than dusk on the dew—
And Menelaus was dreaming of the glad days we
twain knew.

Slow were the long days in passing; many the
times my soul died
Ere Menelaus leaned to me, flinging away his
stern pride;
He struck off the shackles of silver and murmured
endearments to me,
Then caught me up in his strong arms—Love whis-
pered, and lo! I was free!

The New York Times. *Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

PATTERN PRICE

Two years the place was quite neglected;
The paths were overgrown with grass:
The lawn was rarely mowed. So Nature
Brought many charming things to pass.

The hillside slope was purple mantled
With violets; anemones
Were starred above the unrolled tussocks
Of dying sward beneath the trees.

In nodding, ever widening circles
Flourished the hoary pussy-toes
And robins' plantain; from the ledges
The saxifrages tossed their snows.

Even the tended garden flowers
Had felt the call . . . now growing wild
Grape-hyacinths and sapphire scyllas
Like truant children ramped and smiled.

Now paths must all be raked and graveled,
Lawns mowed and rolled and neatly trimmed.
Yet in one graceless heart was sorrow . . .
For beauty fled two eyes were dimmed.

The New York Sun. *May Folwell Hoisington.*

THE MINOR CHORD

A minor chord runs through the life of all;
If we will list we hear its music fall
Amid the clear tones of the greatest joy,
No smallest happiness without alloy.

Can come to us poor mortals here below;
It is our part through life, we can not go
Upon our earthly journey without pain,
But sunshine always follows dashing rain.

And seems to brighter for the recent strife,
'Tis gales and tempests help to put new life
Into the giant oak; then comes sunshine,
For joys and sorrows always intertwine.

The winter past the robin carols long
And gives to earth a joyous, happy song,
What though a dark cloud hovers in the west,
In time 'twill pass, and he is doubly blessed.

So as we look through all the long, long years
We catch the sunshine through the brimming
tears,
And we see the rainbow's vivid beauty then,
We could have seen it only through our pain.

The Kansas City Star.

Mary R. Ellis.

SPRING

The catbird prowls the lilacs once again,
His low, weird notes a puzzle to the ear,
Unlike Cock Robin's voice—as joy to fear.
I wonder that they both come back each year!

And here's that thief, the blue jay, bold as when
He left last fall. Loud are his screams of hate,
And Jenny Wren builds on, thrilled by her mate.
I wonder, Spring, if you hold hands with Fate!

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

ADVICE TO POETS

If sing we must, breathe not of woods,
Nor chant of silver sands!
Such lines today seem out of place
And vague as foreign lands.

Conjure, instead, the painted trees
Beside the hothouse palms,
Where all can hear such well-known peals
As stir the deepest calms.

Bring in the bill and call a cab—
Your lines should dance with pep.
Remember that a deathless lay
Is one that folks can step.

Avoid all themes adroit and deep,
All brave yet ancient lore,
And if you must read out your lines,
Go home and close the door!

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

VACATION IN A COLLEGE TOWN

Once more the village lolls in languid comfort of
old ways,
And nods an ancient head in peaceful dreaming
on the past,
This was its way of living in the gray old quiet
days,
This is the holiday for which the old town sighs
and waits,
Each dreaming day like days before and others
coming after.
This is the way life used to be before Youth
stormed the gates,
Filled lurid nights with visions and the brilliant
days with laughter,
This is the way, perchance, that life should be
again at last.

For is it not a fate unique—an ancient town to be
Perpetually chained to youth that yearly waxes
bolder?

A hoary town that's lived its life full long and
soberly,

Disturbed by restive dreams of youth, by wilful
stars that spark,

By lightning flashes troubling through the torpor
of the night,

By voices that inhibit slumber, harassing the dark,

By garish prophecies of dawn, too early and too
bright—

Bound to springtide all the year, and kept from
growing older?

Mistake us not. We would not trade with any
tranquil town;

For age, it is a lonely thing, and youth is fine and
gay.

We love to watch it turbulent, in swaggerstick
and gown;

We love to hear it laughing from a dozen bursting
doors;

We love to hear it whistle through the depths of
shaded street;

We love to hear its yodel and its brave, victorious
roars;

We love to watch it fling its banners, high and
pure and sweet,

The old town loves its youth; but it must have its
holiday.

The New York Times. *Ruth Evelyn Henderson.*

WANTON

Strip her of her silken clothes,
Lay her lovely body where
Day's cold light may shine upon
Reddened lips and hennaed hair.

Goad her with your chastity,
(Virtue ever crucifies),
Read the pity in her face,
Love has made her very wise.

The Virginian-Pilot. *Virginia McCormick.*

THE PULSE OF GOD

Your heart and mine, friends, are in tune,
When harmony is maintained—
Celestial music's rhythmic rune
On ether waves volplaned.

From God's own heart to you and me
Through chords of love relayed—
A great harmonic symphony
Orchestral choirs have played.

A cosmic pulse with vital urge
Compels your mind and mine
To consummate, to work, to purge
Of dross our lives divine.

The Cleveland Universe. Marie Tello Phillips.

BY THE SEASHORE

Calm are the waves, but calmer
The sky that spreads over the sea,
But the waves of my heart are beating
Ever, as they flow on ceaselessly,
And the depths of their mystery is keeping,
In the sound of the waters they pour,
That burdens the dreams of my sleeping,
As I lay on the sand by the shore
And hear the slush of the waves that are creeping
To meet with the peace of the earth once more.

And I dream of the years that are gone,
Of the hopes and the fears that are sped
And the angel of peace is around me,
He hovers o'er and shadows my head.

They linger beside me now,
Those hopes that are mine once more
And I touch and commune with them,
As I did in the days of yore.

For all life's cares soon fade away,
But long in our hearts its joys lay,
And lost are our woes in those gleams of light
As the stars stand out in the vault of night.

For life is a golden dream,
A sky of an azure blue,
And we forget its brightness, ever,
In the depths of its perfect hue.

The Mill Valley Record. *Alexander Calvert.*

OLD LACE

Mechlin laces toned and mellowed
By a heritage of time,
Patterned with the rose and bramble,
Redolent with scent of thyme;
Sandalwood and cedar mosses
Over these their breath have blown,
In their mesh the sun is woven,
In their threads the stars are sown.

Deep within a feretory
They lie hidden from all eyes,
With daguerreotype now faded,
Once the hue of tender skies;
Oft I hunger for their beauty
In the quiet hour of day,
And sometimes there comes a vision
As my fingers o'er them stray.

Then I hear an old chord strumming,
A melodious soft strain,
Knights and ladies, lords and vassals
Slowly pass in regal train;
There a maiden from her palfrey
Smiles and flutters her laced sleeves,
But her form is lost the moment
In the shadowed green of leaves.

Now I stand within a castle,
Moated, grim and bronzed with age,
Hear the echoed call of bugles,
The quick laughter of a page;
Pleasances and fragrant verdure
Whisper Rosalind of you—
Mechlin laces bring me memories,
Tinted, fragile, faint as dew.

The Los Angeles Times. *Mabel W. Phillips.*

THE GIANT TORCHLIGHT

It is a vivid, gorgeous, eastern light,
Though miles away, I've watched its gleam for
years.

When I have laughed and sung, it has been gay,
Its playful moods intensify my own;
If I am hurt, it sends out friendly beams,
And seems to speak, "I am forever here
A steadfast light in an unstable world."

One night we drove through fields of liquid gold,
We saw the scores of rigs with toiling men;
We felt again that wild, exultant thrill
At smell and sight and sound of fields of oil.
We saw the flare of torchlights here and there;
And lo! just as we made the turn for home,
I took a backward glance of scenes I love,
There flamed the Giant Torch I loved the best!

So now I sit upon the steps at home
And view anew that wondrous eastern light.
In storms it throws its golden reddish glow
Upon the black and lowering angry cloud.
It is a rival for the lightning shaft,
And as the trees around me bend and crash,
I revel with the fearless god of Thor,
Who glorifies my Giant eastern Torch!

The Maud Monitor.

Virginia Smyth Nolen.

CITY PIGEONS

Bound in your habits to city streets,
Never to try the field or plain;
Somber and silent as the walls about,
Equally happy in sun or rain.

Did you last night, from your watch above,
See a wayward soul go flitting by,
Or hear some chance word of whispered love,
A happy laugh or a guilty lie?

The Pittsburgh Post.

May T. Neff.

SHE WAS A NEVER-FAILING WELL

She was a never-failing well.
The tragedy—if tragedy there was—
Was only this:
He had no need, nor liking even,
For things too permanent,
The brook that would run dry before September,
But make a crazy rumpus in the spring,
Could break his heart—and did.

And she, who had no fountain suddenness,
No turns and tricks of rivers,
No great waves to comfort him,
Could only stand
A never-failing well beside his door,
Knowing that her tranquility
Would never even overturn a pebble
To catch the eye of his distracted grief.

Ruth Fitch Bartlett.

The New York Herald Tribune.

LISTENING IN

There is something in life that is calling to me
Which I hear as I listen alone
On my pillow at night; though no face I can see
There's a voice that I get, and its tone
Is as clear and as true as I heard when a boy
When my Mother would call: "Are you coming,
my Joy?"

Meaning me in those days now gone.

And this voice is not hers, yet I know were she
near

By my side at this hour of the night
She would place to my cheek her obedient ear—

Oh how oft in the dark it was light—
With my hand in her own I would wait for the
word

And complete explanation of all that she heard
Then interpreted ever a-right.

There above all the din and the echoes of day
Fell a full benediction of love—
When my lips followed hers as she taught me to
say—
“Now I lay me” to Some One above;
So this voice of the night must be Mother’s, I
know
And she prays with me yet till the years long ago
Give me back all their rich treasure-trove.
The Michigan Tradesman. *Charles A. Heath.*

LINES TO THAT WASHINGTON EGG.

“Fry egg on hot pavement in Washington, D. C.”—
News Item.

There are scrambled eggs that we eat with zest
With a face of self-content.
There are eggs like soup that come apart
Whenever they’re not meant.
There are hard boiled eggs that leave their weight
In tummies, if they can;
But let me fry by the side of the road—
And be a friend to man.

Let me fry in the heat by the side of the road
Where the Congressmen go by,
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As hard boiled as you and I.
I would not sit in the Senate’s seat
Or be an old oil can;
Let me sizzle and fry by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

And though you be done to death, what then?
Come up with a golden face!
It’s nothing against you to fall down flat
But to lie there—that’s disgrace.
The harder you’re fried, why the hotter it is;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn’t the fact that you’re burnt that counts,
It’s how did you fry and why?

The New York Sun.

Beatrice Cherepy.

PEACE SHALL LIVE

The guns are still, the dead sleep on,
The blind and crippled walk the street,
Bereaved hearts bright colors don,
Again the pulse of factories beats;
Nightmares and grimy days have fled,
Forgotten are the dead.

Around the world from every land
The prayers and pleadings never cease—
For swords and men? Nay, heart and hand
To build the dream eternal peace.
Disdainfully we speak reproof,
Proudly we stand aloof.

Was it indifference that sent
Our sons the tides of war to stem?
Through flaming fields and blood they went.
Shall we not keep our faith with them
Whose bodies lie on foreign leas
Or toss in many seas?

The keen, cold sword the flesh will feel,
If once again the world shall quake
And men back to the jungle steal.
O Countrymen, the hour to stake
Our all is here, lest grim alarms
Again shriek out: "To arms!"

A question burns within man's breast:
In bloody wars shall man expire—
Or by the arts of peace be blessed
That lift his soul forever higher?
My Countrymen, stand forth and give
Your answer, "Peace shall live!"

The League of Nations Herald. *Max Ehrmann.*

ENSHRINED

As amber bleeds from out a wounded tree
And holds winged creatures fast in lucent gold,
My songs have bled from out the heart of me;
Winged memories of yesterdays they hold.

The Norfolk Landmark. *Mary Chase Cornelius.*

WHITE MAGIC

Some said that the skies were blue,
But I never looked up.
I toiled all day my tasks to do,
And never looked up.

A child said flowers bloomed on the hill,
But I never looked up.
I still kept on at the grinding mill,
And never looked up.

A sailor looked in one summer day
And bade me look up.
He said a ship lay in the bay,
I hardly glanced up.

He spoke of the feel of the salty spray
I then looked up.
The ship was waiting to sail away,
When I looked up.

I saw love standing at my door.
Glad! I looked up.
I saw the beauty of sky and more,
When I looked up.

O, you who toil in sorrow and strife,
And never look up,
Let love show you the wonder of this life,
Your soul lift up.

The McKeesport Journal.

May T. Neff.

HEAVEN?

For those who wear the smiling mask
On earth, and hide their aching hearts
There is a special place reserved
When life departs.

There is a special heaven built
Where angels never sing and play
But where, unwatched, tired souls may weep
Their griefs away.

The Kansas City Star.

Velma West Sykes.

GREEN VERDUGO HILLS

As the last faint hint of glory is departing in the west,

Creeps an air of muted wonder o'er the land,
There's a whispering 'midst the treetops, a sway-
ing of the leaves,

Footsteps beating measures to a saraband;
Now is born the hour for dreaming, the hour of
love and song,

Strains of melody that mingle with the rills,
And once more my heart is throbbing with a
rhythm filled with joy

For it's moonlight in the green Verdugo hills.

Here the shadowed olive mingles with the perfume of the rose,

Tender notes of distant nightbird bind the spell,
Wraiths of mem'ry to me whisper, these sweet
breathings well I know,

Yet their tales no mortal tongue may ever tell;
There is gladness, yes, and sorrow mingled in the
wind's soft sighs,

With the radiance that all the upland fills,
Like a blossom lies the valley at the white steps
of a throne,

When it's moonlight in the green Verdugo hills.

The Los Angeles Times. *Mabel W. Phillips.*

OF WRITING VERSE

When the granite mountain wavers into shadow
Or streams like a banner on the sky,

When the green corn waving makes an ocean of
the valley,

Or a night of blackbirds rushes by;

It is hard to watch the changes of the mountain
Or hear the exultation of the birds,

And stubbornly to grip the patient pen between
my fingers

Setting down my littleness in words.

The New York Sun.

Muna Lee.

AUTUMN TIME IN DIXIELAND

A green leaf trustingly turned to gold;
A pine-needle turned to brown;
The spring nest of the mocking-bird,
Lying torn on the frosty ground;
The earth a-spotted with golden mass
From pine cone shattered down;
A squirrel perched upon a limb
Where hickory nuts abound;
The 'possum in a simmon tree
Or in a grape-vine on a rail;
Old Fido with his lonely yelp,
Upon the buck-deer's trail;
The sweet song of the red breast,
The wail of the whip-poor-will;
The new corn from the ripened field;
The hum of the old grist mill;
The faithful miller who grinds the corn;
The meal made into bread;
The cane-syrup boiling and in the jug;
The 'simmon beer out in the shed;
The barking fox way out in the dell;
The dead leaves lying around;
The lonely fawn in shady wood
Orphaned by a hunter's wound;
A stag-deer longing for a mate
That died by the hunter's gun
The hunter clad in khaki clothes
Thoughtlessly seeking some fun;
The mother quail with hungry brood;
Now grown as large as she;
A-wading in the dying grass
In search of the shattered pea,
The dove a-cooing for his mate;
The farmer's ripened field;
The potato, sweet, a-sunning;
The apples to be peeled;
The folk who toiled to gather grain;
The sound of the locust's whirl;
The rabbit in the turnip patch
Chased out by the family cur;
The rising from tobacco barn,
The curer's welcome smoke;

The blooming of the golden rod
In the wood where spring awoke;
The bursting of the cotton-boll,
The green leaf's sad farewell,
Bring to us Nature's sadness
Through Autumn's tragic spell.

Union Labor Record.

Gertrude Perry West.

ICARUS

Gods! I have flown!

All my young body is broken on the rocks
And all the red cliffs swim before my eyes—
The summer haze, perhaps—or my sight fails—
Dim World, these eyes of mine shall open soon
On great Olympus. Hah! I shall tell Jove
That I have flown—I, Icarus, a mortal!
Oh, the sun burns down, pitiless, upon me
And on my crushed white wings—

My wings—my wings—

Why did I fly so high? I might by now
Be safe, if only—only—Ah, but *flying*
High and yet higher into the burning blue
Above the ochre crags and jade-green sea!
How could I help it—how do otherwise?
And when the softening wax upon my shoulders
Let the great plumes slip sideways and I fell,
Hardly was terror there. I saw the rocks
Rush up to meet me, and I knew that never
Never would Icarus arise again.

* * *

But I have flown—have flown! These are my
wings,

All crushed and torn and dabbled—they are wings,
And this day on Olympus Jove shall know . . .
How the cliffs shudder . . . and the sun is scorch-
ing . . .

Pain stabs my broken body so—I die—

Gods! I have flown!

Christian Hamilton.

The New York Herald-Tribune.

CONJECTURE

I wonder—Are there flowers in high Heaven?
White lilacs, wet with rain and warm with sun,
Or jonquils, starry-eyed among the grasses,
Or roses, that some hidden bank o'errun?

Or are there only shadows of the flowers
Formed of their perfumes gathered from the air?
White, winsome ghosts of lilies-of-the-valley
That lovely angels twine in their gold hair?

But then, if only perfumes went to Heaven
What of the morning-glories and the phlox?
And would there be no room for wild blue asters
And none for well-behaving hollyhocks?

Besides, I think the angels would grow weary—
The little, blue-eyed ones, especially—
Of just a fair, white host of phantom perfumes
And long for—soul-less dogwood on a tree!

* * *

Unless they have arbutus in high Heaven,
Unless there's pink azalea growing wild,
I think I'd rather stay on earth forever—
It's much the nicer place to be a child!

The New Canaan Advertiser. Etta May Strathie.

TRYST

I will keep tryst with you
When my spirit stands purified—
Burned by life's difficulties;
I will keep tryst with you
When my soul soars
Stripped of all pretense;
I will keep tryst with you
When Truth and I walk hand in hand;
Together, we shall shake off our
Chrysalis of shattered hopes and fears,
Together we shall meet our great dream—free,
Together we shall know immortality.

Scottie McKenzie Frasier.
The Montgomery Advertiser.

BOOKS

Oh, I can be the hero of
The wars on land and sea;
And I can be the one in love
With one in love with me;
Nor turn my ways from cloistered nooks,
For I can always live—in books!

A word of wisdom they will lend
Or e'en a word to cheer;
And never need I seek a friend
When many friends are here,
And ever willing to give voice
According to my mood and choice.

And when I'd travel far and fast,
From Ind to Hudson's Bay,
O'er seven seas before the mast,
I do not sail away;
But, snugly, 'fore my fire curled,
In books I view the wide, wide world.

The Milwaukee Sentinel.

Max A. H.

WHO KEPT IT IN THE SKY?

(Armistice Day, 1925)

Old Glory flamed before the boys
While marching down our street,
It beckoned to the rookies' eyes,
It led their eager feet;
It flapped above the training camps
Where they impatient lay,
While influenza took its toll
And smallpox held grim sway.

It floated o'er the transports huge,
Patrolled by death unseen—
The terror of the sunken mine,
The lurking submarine—
It fluttered on through deadly gas,
It waved o'er screaming shell,
And heavenward tossed its rippling folds
Above a seething hell.

We watched that banner from afar,
With reverence profound,
And proudly made the haughty boast,
It ne'er had touched the ground!
But flags must ever have support
To help them float on high;
Then while Old Glory led the hosts
Who kept it in the sky?

Ah, friends, can we so soon forget
The doughboys and the gobs
Who found when they came limping home
That slackers had their jobs?
Oh while we cheer the starry flag
That proudly floats on high,
Let us remember gratefully
Who kept it in the sky!

The Lipscomb Lime Light.

George H. Free.

ANNIVERSARY

I shall hate all Aprils
With their silver rain
April is my symbol
Of Life's sharpest pain.

I shall hate their promise
Never once fulfilled—
Hate them for their seeding time,
Their call that ground be tilled.

Often I have planted
Seeds of rare gold grain
Autumn brought me harvest
Blighted with rot-stain.

I shall hate all Aprils
With their silver rain—
Through their nights of fragrance
Cry ghosts of Hope long slain.

The Virginian-Pilot.

Ellen M. Carroll.

IN A DESERTED GARDEN

Your garden stretches living arms to me.
A thousand clinging-fingered, jealous flowers
Blowing, wind-kissed. While far beyond an aisle
Of somber pineway laughs the sapphire sea.

Through tangled branches I discern the place
Where once the sun-dial marked the drowsing
hours.

A thousand nodding flower-faces smile
Have buried it within a warm embrace.

The earth is vibrant: and the mother soil
Bears on her breast a myriad of bloom
Where scarce new tendrils find themselves the
room

To sway, breeze-blown, but ever upward coil
One on the other, in a mad free dance
Of growing things, deathless, and unafraid.
A thousand flowers abloom, if one should fade,
To hang, moon-silver, in a fragrant trance
That is not death, but sleep.

Yet your dear hands that gave the garden life,
Lie stilled beneath the popped soil of France.

The Saturday Night.

Florence Ryerson.

THE LEGEND OF THE INKY KINKS

The winds are blowing sadly, the logs are blazing
bright,
Old mammy sits acrooning to her babe the song
of night;
She smiles in joyous rapture with happy eyes
aglow,
And sees her slumb'ring darling as white as driven
snow,
And as she rocks, the legends of old ancestral
mould,
Flit through her drowsy vision and by her are
retold.

She softly croons:

"The Lawd once called all chillun to meet him up
on high,
But one, most over-anxious, dashed right out to
the sky:
Into the sun he tumbled and found it mighty hot,
And he was sizzled, frizzled, jes' there, right on
the spot,
Bekase the first in Heav'n, his hair received a
kink,
But Lawd-a-Massy help us, his skin was broiled
to ink,
And that's the reason, Honey, the reason youse
must know,
In spite o' skin so inky, youse white as dribben
snow—
Yas, be youse eber inky, youse white as dribben
snow."

Thus crooned she in her rocking till both were fast
asleep,
While God who called those children then held both
in His keep.

The New Canaan Advertiser.

H. A. H.

CHASING SHADOWS

Black shadows of clouds that brush the sun
Move lazily across the hills
While sheep and their young lambs play and run
In chasing shadows down the rills.
The little white lambs with black-tipped feet
Will soon forget the shadow-breeze
That blows them a shadow, lambs will bleat
When they grow tired of games like these.

But you never care for shadow games,
When you see shadows you must run,
You want the bright things your fancy claims
And not the darkness of the sun.
The silly white lambs keep in the sun
By chasing shadows all day long,
But you (and I) fear the dark and run
Instead of making pain a song.

The Springfield Republican. Raymond Kresensky.

STARS

A star hung high in heaven's dome,
Above a raging storm-tossed sea
Once guided a lost vessel home
And brought my sailor back to me.

And so my hope is ever buoyed,
That should another day ne'er break
And out on that great pathless void
At last I find myself awake.

For me will burn a guiding star,
Hung like a cheerful beacon light
Off in that Milky Way afar
To light my spirit thru the night.

And so I close my eyes in sleep
Nor never fear that great embark
A star can rule the ocean deep
Or lead me out of void and dark.

The Salt Lake Tribune. *Mrs. Clifton Brooks.*

IN THE BRIAR-ROSE VALE.

In June I will follow a mountain trail
Of silvery thistle and wild sweet thyme,
To the heart of a briar-rose vale.
And I will forget and be joyous yet,
Where the rills with a laughter quick
Will run in the sun where the marigolds
Like fallen stars are thick,
Till a-weary with crystal flow,
In a flower-enameled glow,
The rills will glide to a pool's dark side,
Where the moon-white lilies grow.

And there in the shadow a low thrush prayer
Will sooth and hush me to sleep;
And I will dream by the pool's soft gleam,
And the cool lily dewes that weep.

Be quiet, love, do not call me there!

The Oakland Tribune. *Katherine C. Sanders.*

WHEN UNCLE SAID "AMEN"

My uncle was a pious man, a man of noble parts,
And highly educated, too, in science and arts;

He labored faithfully and long with mighty
voice and pen

And when a thing appealed to him he always
said Amen.

He had convictions of his own and knew or
thought he knew,

That all that he believed and thought was just and
right and true.

So when he heard our pastor speak of the Com-
mandments ten,

Declaring they were binding still he promptly
said Amen.

This thing occurred way down in Maine some
thirty years ago,

The first Amen ever heard except in accents low
And Deacon Ezra whirled around as well as

Colonel Ben,

And nearly everybody jumped when uncle said
Amen.

My best girl looked around to me as if to say "for
shame;

You never should have brought him out, I'm sorry
that he came,"

And many folks were scandalized as well as lit-
tle Jen,

That Sunday, Eighteen Ninety-Five when uncle
said Amen.

My uncle noticed how they jumped and grinned
and looked about,

But 'fore they settled down again he ripped an-
other out.

Well, nearly everybody laughed except the
preacher when

Sincere and honest, fervently my uncle said
Amen.

Next Sunday when the crowd came out they noticed in the chair

Beside the pastor at the desk my uncle seated there.

He was to preach for pastor B—just why I
dina ken

And uncle thus announced his text Amen, my
friends, Amen.

'Twas great to hear him "lay it down" the best I
ever heard.

He made "Amen" appear to us a much exalted
word.

And when he finished every one from hill and
dale and glen

United with him good and strong when uncle
said Amen.

The Rutland Herald.

E. F. Johnstone.

WILD GEESE

Over and over and one by one,
They take the Southern road;
Splashing the sky with a curious cry,
A plaint, a chant, an ode!

Over and over and one by one—
What names a date so odd?
Ivories less, when the lilies would bless,
The flower-ways of God.

Over and over and one by one—
To what point do they go?
Echoes were heard when the far off stirred,
Down ages that they know.

Over and over and one by one,
And when do they return?
When snows run green, to a something unseen,
Then they, through ages, yearn.

The Richmond Times.

Virginia Stait.

PERSICARIA

Only a weed, my persicaria, homely
And humble, scorned of bard and botanist,
Yet you are friendly, little flower, and comely,
In crimson robe and crown of amethyst.

You sway in slender grace among the grasses
And, rippling red beside the ripening grain,
Weave carpets for the barefoot lads and lassies
And wistful rainbows in the summer rain.

Your faint aroma delicate and tender
Brings back lost faces and forgotten years,
More than the fragrance of the rose's splendor
It shakes my heart and veils my eyes with tears.

The Virginian-Pilot.

Mary Sinton Leitch.

THE BRANDYWINE

Shades of Whitcomb Riley,
Weft of sunny shine,
Fishin' fur the crawdads
Down the Brandywine.

I greet again the spirit,
Drunken with the wine
Of living for the children,
Beside the Brandywine.

I hear the weeping willows,
Rejoice that they are thine,
Once more, and make the pillows
For thee on Brandywine.

The e'entide shadows murmur,
When the curfew rings out nine,
And weep for Whitcomb Riley,
Down in the Brandywine.

Splashin' spray at shadows,
Creepin' through the vine,
Makin' for the meadows,
With thy duds on Brandywine.

Loved poet of our childhood,
We with thy spirit dine,
And feast within the wildwood,
Down on the Brandwine.

The Nobleville Ledger. Henry Coffin Fellows.

FREE VERSE

What is free verse?
It is a kiss of God
On the rosy lips of Time,
A shadow on the lake,
A beacon guiding stranded ships to shore.

It reflects the truth
In the early time of youth
And knows neither age,
Nor pain, nor darkness,
But is always young and bright.

It glimpses the moon when the stars are dim
And love is near. . . .
It scents the fragrance of the new mown hay
At the setting of the sun at close of day
When life's race is run.

It sees the dawn of the New Day
And hears the music of the spheres
As the darkness fades away.
It is the shadow of the Almighty
Cast before me
That I may understand
In language plain and true,
Without surplus or omission,
Uniformity of measure or rhyme—
Words that express the exact thought,
Mirrored on the mind from the Unknown.

It is the echo of the Universe
Pouring forth sweet cadence of harmony,
Filling my soul with ecstasy,
And lifting me Heavenward
As it comes whispering through the Ages!

Henry Polk Lowenstein.
The Newfoundland Quarterly.

THE LITTLE TIN VIOLIN

In the window of a shop one day
I saw a toy which seemed to say:
"Take me home to your little girl,
You'll laugh to see her fingers curl
About the bow when she scrapes my strings
In childish glee as she merrily sings."

I bought the plaything made of tin,
In form of a miniature violin
With its tiny bow and carrying-case.
The salesman smiled as I left the place,
And said: "There's music in that thing;
I hope 'twill joy to someone bring."

It was sweet to see the child's delight
When, unwrapped, the purchase met her sight,
And how she said: "Is it for me?
Oh, then I will a player be!"
Time flew by; I thought no more
Of the gift I had made so long before.

Until one day, chancing to hear
Strains of melody sweet and clear
Floating to me when I sat,
Surely, I thought, it can't be that
Little plaything made of tin,
That little toy, that violin!

But so it was; then I made a vow
That greater things from this should grow.
Years have passed, it was planned aright,
For sitting by the fire at night,
Listening in rapture to the sound
Of music played with skill profound,

My reveries lead to long ago;
To the child who played with tiny bow,
Scraping the strings of a simple toy,
As she merrily sang her songs of joy,
Would that we all so far might win
With naught but a little tin violin!

The New Canaan Advertiser. St. John Alexander.

THE LOCARNO SECURITY PACT

A truce—the Armistice—stanch'd with flowing
blood;

The wounded world, deliriously glad,
Sought wild expression for its ecstasy.

A truce — mad joy; then seven long menacing
years,

Each with the threat of internecine war,
To rend world wounds beyond all power to heal.

Now enters Peace. Is all the waiting world
In transports, rapturous that Peace can end
The curse of war that would destroy the lands?

What do men say? "And now you speak of it,
I did see mention of a peace or pact—
What was it we were talking of before?"

The Oakland Daily Times. Laura Bell Everett.

THE HAWTHORN

MISSOURI'S FLOWER

..

When April in Missouri has begun to warm the
earth,

And bring anon the wonder of another season's
birth,

Upon each rolling prairie and within each wooded
dell,

A fragrant bud of Hawthorn is among the first
to swell;

And soon the snowy clusters of the blossom every-
where

With dainty sweetness permeate the balmy,
languid air,

As life begins to throb anew in Mother Nature's
breast

And every vista seems to be with subtle charm
possessed.

'Tis not of giant stature, but is very tough and
strong,
And many sharp and sturdy thorns upon its
boughs belong;
Its bloom is like an apple blossom, ever pure and
rare,
And like a tiny apple does the scarlet fruit com-
pare;
A mecca for the thrifty bees, a haven for the birds,
A beauty-spot for human eyes, a shelter for the
herds;
A miracle of loveliness, that satisfies and thrills,
As after wintry weather it adorns Missouri's hills.

E'en from the time of blossoming in April or in
May,
Proclaiming for a certainty that Spring has come
to stay
By bursting forth resplendent in a mass of glory
white,
Than which a man has never seen a more entranc-
ing sight
And through a gorgeous fruitage to a rich autum-
nal dress,
Its mission for humanity is always one to bless;—
We gladly hail the Hawthorn as our fair Mis-
souri flower,
And may it grow in favor as Missouri grows in
power.

LeRoy Huron Kelsey.
The Moniteau County Herald.

SPRING'S TARANTELE

Our dead lie not in the mine today,
Black-throated dragon of fiery breath;
'Twas out of the clouds where the light-birds play,
Came Death.

Our dead choked not where the black damp lay,
Sphinx-lipped goddess of death-fumed spell;
Spring, drunk with perfume, danced today
Her Tarantelle.

The Oklahoma Leader. *Ernest R. Chamberlain.*

CRY OF THE RACE

We are the Builders of Babel,
We with our famishing eyes,
Daring the Dream of the Heavens,
And bridging the span on our sighs.

Centuries long have we labored,
Battered and bent by the blows,
Building with souls for our girders,
And welding them well with our woes.

Making the mortar our bodies,
Boiling them black in our blood,
Piling them thick on the settings
In mixtures of mercy and mud.

Centuries long have be builded,
And where is our Babel today?
Shattered to dust by the whirlwind,
And scattered to sea as the spray.

But we are the Builders eternal,
And Dreams of the Heavens again,
Skyward shall rear their new Babel,
Though building forever in vain.

The American Hebrew.

Henry Blanc.

THE LURE OF WISCONSIN

A land of lakes and streams and rolling hills,
Of woods and wildness with a wealth of flowers
That burst in glory from the springtime showers;
The song of lingering birds of passage fills
The cup of pleasure for the lips of love,
And stirs divinity in hearts of clay!
A land of fertile farms and fragrant hay,
Contented cattle on the slope above,
And in the sheltered home beside the oak
Contented people living day by day
In simple ways, who still have time to pray
And seek ideals—strong Wisconsin folk!
Here nature lovers harbor for a rest,
And here the dreamer finds his vision blessed.

The Milwaukee Sentinel.

Sam Bryan.

CIVILIZATION

Stained with the blood of their brothers,
The races of men vaunt their pride;
Skull on a totem-pole, scalp at a belt,
And a curse on the men who died!

Lust, and the call of revenge,
Loot, and the horror of might,
And over all a pestilence,
A lingering death, a blight!

Stone men who fashioned with water drops
A hammer to maim and kill,
Savage hordes who swung far south
To conquer a Roman hill.

Power, and the love of self,
Strength and the urge to destroy,
And running through the veins of men
The ruins of gutted Troy.

Knights in armor who rode away,
Snug in their coat of mail;
Black-bearded men with a Holy Cross,
Seeking a mad man's Grail.

Spoils, in the name of religion,
Thieves, with the banner of God,
Spreading the Plague to foreign lands,
Infesting an alien sod.

Empires wielded by doddering men
And a woman—to make them smile;
An infant giant's maniac dream
Left rotting on Elba's isle.

Genius—the weakness of flesh,
Pomp—uncontrolled desire,
Making the world a hut of straw
To burn on a despot's fire.

Red with the blood of a million souls,
The races of men yet kill;
Skull on a totem-pole, scalp at a belt,
And Christ hung high on a hill!

The New Canaan Advertiser.

Don Farran.

NEW LOVES FOR OLD

I do not love you, but you love me,
And once, with laugh and vow,
Young lips un-kissed, young April skies above me,
I loved as you love now.
I loved so long, my love and I are dying;
I loved so true that all my love was vain;
I loved so false, I am not worth your sighing
And—I shall love again.

Then, if you love me—love me, love me!
While you've a kiss to give,
A heart to break, a tear to move me,
Love me and I shall live.
I shall pass on and leave you lost and lonely;
I shall be false, for I was never true,
But I can give you this reward, this only—
I never will love you.

The New York World.

Louise Dutton.

APRIL

April comes dancing over the hills,
Challenging Winter's sway;
April goes laughing through the vales,
Driving grim Winter away.

Flowers spring up where her nimble feet,
Sporting, give new life to earth;
Wind-swept, her hair touched the grayness of
space,
And a rose was given birth.

Grass, lush and satiny, covers with green
The trail where her feet have trod;
Never a trace of her winding way,
On black and barren clod.

Frost-Gnomes at her heels would trip Lady April
And laugh with glee should she fall;
But her dainty fingers cling to the wall,
And her touch is the magic Spring-Time-Call.

Walls stripped nude by vindictive Winter,
Are garnished with clinging vines
Where the frost-gnomes flounder amid gnarled
roots,
And are blinded by wind-shaken leaves.

April comes dancing over the hills,
And flowers drip from her hands;
Blossoms are seen where her wind-swept hair
Touches pillar and wall with sunlit strands.

The Oakland Tribune.

Ada Kyle Lynch.

HIS GIRL

I was his friend, and she—
She was his girl.
Yet, as I held her in a fond embrace,
Her playful ringlets resting on my face,
Her dainty fingers stroked me here and there—
My chin, my eyes, and then ran through my hair,
“I love you,” soft she murmured—
This was bliss—
And planted on my lips a loving kiss.

Yet,
I was his friend, and she—
She was his girl.
And as these moments passed in fond embrace
The years oped up and I stared into space,
I saw the folly of a youth ill-spent,
The wild oats rampant, passion pleasure bent,
She loved me, so she said, and yet I knew
She'd at his word or sign his bidding do.

Still,
I was his friend, and she—
She was his girl.
Yet in these precious moments how I envied him
The happiness that filled his cup to brim.
And then—his voice broke on my reverie:
“Come, dear, daddy must be going now,” and she—
She loosed her hold and ran to him in glee.
She was his girl—a little tot of three.

The Baltimore Sun.

Gene Scrubbs.

WITCH-TREES

Not far from the edge of Salem town
Is a low, black hill, and up and down
No living thing, whether good or ill,
Can draw a breath on that black hill.

No living thing save three gaunt trees,
That lean on each other with every breeze,
And nod and shiver and huddle together,
Like three old crones in the bitter weather,

When the sun is east, when the sun is west,
They cast no shadow and never rest,
But point their fingers with a shake of the head,
Like three old crones that talk of the dead.

The red moon leers at the tortured trees,
As they rattle their arms and crack their knees,
And twist and caper and dance till dawn
Like three old crones whose wits are gone.

It's an old wives' tale, but as for me,
I never could think such things may be,
'Tis wanton chatter and wild—but still
They hanged three witches on that hill.

The New York Times. *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

MY PRAYER

Grant me one hour that will ever stand forth
Like a tree on a barren hill—
Like the glint of the sun on a rain-swept sea,
Or a song when the night is still.

Grant me one fragrant, golden hour,
And a taste of the red, red wine
Of lips that seek through eternity
And then, at last, find mine.

Grant me the warmth of passion's flame
In an hour when Love runs rife—
A golden hour—a living dream—
For this I would barter—life.

The Wasp.

Cristel Hastings.

TILLIE'S TRIUMPH

When to a meeting of her club
One night went Mrs. Wildron,
Her neighbor's maid, Mathilda, came
To supervise the children.

On her return the mother asked,
"How were the youngsters, Tillie?
Did Helen go to bed at eight?
Did Harold read to Willie?"

"Aye gif dem shildrens all deir bath,
To bed Aye put dem early;
Dey all vas gude but dat beeg boy—
De von whose head iss curly.

"He fight and kick to beat de cars
When Aye start in to strip him.
Yu bat Aye vash him planty gude,
He find out Aye can whip him.

"Aye tank he know Aye bane stout girl,
Aye bat yu he feel silly—"
"The big one, with the curly hair?
Why, that's my husband, Tillie!"

The Eagle Grove Eagle.

George H. Free.

DAISIES

Down in the dew there are daisies;
And up in the sky there are stars;
Here the bright gold of the daisies;
And there the red gleaming of Mars.

Many a silvery pathway
Winds along all over the sky;
Close near the dreams of the daisies
A clear little brook ripples by.

Heavy your heads, drowsy daisies,
Wearing their tiaras of dew;
I sigh for you, drooping daisies;
The spring-time is going from you.

The Onancock News.

Eugenie du Maurier.

WHILE WE MAY

Ah, Love, when you and I are gone
Beyond life's care-whirled seas,
Fair April's feet will still trip on
To rain-made melodies;
And still June's rose will bud and blow,
Fond lover tell sweet tale,
Bright bubbles down the brooklet flow,
Rapt bird sing in green vale;
And still will old dreams haunt the heart
Through golden centuries,
And those of future ages part
Drink deep love's ecstasies—
So let us take our fill of love
While yet indeed we may,
We little know how soon its dove
May fly the happy day.

Oscar H. Roesner.

The Albany Democrat-Herald.

THE BOYS IN BLUE

1861

(To be read in march time)

Salute!

These are the Boys in Blue who pass,
Shrilling fife and beat of the drum!
Stand on the curb and watch them come
Swinging along with militant step—
Hep! Hep! Hep! Hep!
Keeping time to the bold drum's beat,
Hear them cheering along the street!
Thousands and thousands of boys in blue;
See them follow the bright flag through,
Heads erect and eyes before—
Oh, mothers weep and hearts are sore!
Swinging away with militant step,
Hep! Hep! Hep! Hep!

(To be read with measured beat)

Thr-r-rum! Thr-r-rum! Thr-r-rum!
 Passing by to their muffled drum,
 Here again are the Boys in Blue;
 Passing by, so few! So few!
 The once bright eyes are dim and old
 And life is a story almost told.
 The flags that mark where their comrades sleep
 Are more than these Boys who vigil keep,
 What though they fail to keep in step—
 Hep! Hep! Hep!
 The beating drum and the shrilling fife
 Are slowing now with the tide of life.

(Livelier)

But the hearts are young of these Boys in Blue;
 They're marching quick, as they used to do;
 A faster time to the old quick-step,
 Hep! Hep! Hep! Hep!

(Softly, gradually increasing in strength.)
 And marching with them are myriad feet,
 And myriad voices, strong and sweet,
 Are singing the songs of long ago—
 Oh, can't you hear them? I know, I know
 The Boys in blue march strong today;
 They can't be seen, but they march away;
 With ranks as full as they used to be—
 Young and brave they are passing me,
 Thousands and thousands passing by—
 Our Boys in Blue who shall never die!
 Salute!

The Oakland Tribune.

Harry Noyes Pratt.

LITTLE ROAD

There is a place where this road curves
 Like an arm about the hill,
 Trees grow close, it's green and still,
 And at dusk the whip-poor-will
 Wails shrill.

It is a lonely little road,
Not much traveled. There's a stream
Where the woodfolk come to drink,
Small paws patterned on the brink
Where they sink
Into soft earth. Loose-strife spires
Rise and glow like purple fires.

Two great roads on either side
Go the way the hills divide,
And my little road is seen
Winding pleasantly between,
Brown and quiet through the green.
And I never come to it
But I take away with me
Some of its serenity,
Some cool restful memory.

Once as a blue twilight fell,
Flower shadow, dewy scent,
Along this little road I went
Quite blind with tears—and then I heard
Like bells across the underbrush,
The wonder-word God sent to men
When he made the veery-thrush,
Jacob's Ladder, it may be
That I could not see.

The New York Times.

Louise Driscoll.

HARVEST

(TO I. S.)

When Dawn paused, listening, on the eaves
Of Heaven, to wind-words of a summer dead—
I joined the dance of whirling autumn leaves
In gowns of gold and green and passion red.
Over strewn paths of moss and withered things,
Violets asleep and unseen folded wings,
I sought neglected songs to sing anew—
And found in autumn twilight song and you!

The Detroit News.

Gladys Thorne.

ALCHEMY

When first I knew this western land,
Its turgid wind, its frenzied sand,
Its scorching heat, its blighting tan,
Its drouth, its floods without a ban,
A desolation seized my soul,
I wished I'd sought some other goal.

The years have come, the years have flown,
This golden sand I call my own;
The wind that hurtles through the trees,
To me is just another breeze;
The thunder crash, the lightning play,
Are God's magnificent display.

The tawny stream, with deep green frieze,
Now red, now gold, amongst the trees;
The red-ribbed hills, with green o'erlaid,
Where ev'ry prankish wind has played;
The wide, clean sweep of buoyant air—
The Fair God's Land I find most fair.

O, red-wrought land where men have come,
To work and labor in the sun;
Oklahoma, broad frontier,
That beckoned to the pioneer—
I once despised thee, yes, I own,
But now I love thee. Thou art Home.

The Oklahoman.

Florence M. Gibbs.

RECLAIMED

Blue water, black water,
Swift water, backwater,
All open water's calling to me—
I was through, with a tidy sum
For baccy, grub an' my tot o' rum;
But my kit is packed, an' here I come,
Back to the restless sea!

Coast packet, trade packet,
Trim or decayed packet,
Any windjammer's ship enough for me!
Every voyage I've called my last
Now for years as I've shoreward passed;
But the salt wind calls like a trumpet blast,
Back to the restless sea!

Hard skipper, fair skipper,
Rough skipper, square skipper,
Any deep-sea skipper's right enough for me,
If he's smart an' will crack on sail
Till it's "first or founder"—or pump an' bail—
He's my man till I've over-rail,
Back to the restless sea!

High pillow, low pillow,
Pine pillow, no pillow,
Any old berth is good enough for me;
But a lubber's end I can not bide,
And I'm outward bound with the ebbing tide
Till my hammock's sewed for the last swift ride.
Back to the restless sea!

The New York Times. *Harold Willard Gleason*

HE KNEW WHAT'S WHAT

A boy named Jeremiah Hicks,
Came from a place they call the sticks;
He was an awkward, lanky lad,
His speech and grammar were quite bad:
Of etiquette he had no store—
He knew enough to live no more.

But when a year had passed away,
He'd changed a bit—so you would say—
His nochalance, his easy poise,
Amazed and saddened city boys;
He knew each passing fad and whim;
The classy girls all fell for him—
The secret—have you guessed it yet?
He read the book of etiquette.

The Kansas City Star. *Katherine Edelman.*

THE LAST GIFT

You brought me rain that Aprils bring
And bright, wild things on a vine,
You brought me spring on a fairy's wing
With tulips red as wine.

You gave me sun on a spider's wreath
Soft as a milkweed strand.
You gave me storm and the thunder's breath,
And summer into my hand.

But best, ah, best is the last brown nest,
For narrow and dark and cold,
You have given me autumn against my breast,
And dear, glad death to hold.

Grace Hutchinson Ruthenberg
The Virginian-Pilot.

SKIFF SONG

Shores reach out
But you can not catch me!
Trees I can flout—
You shall never snatch me!
Here comes my boat
With the gulls and swallows,
In and out
In the salt sea shallows.

Here I go
And the land is slipping
Away, while I row
With my sleek oars dripping.
Where from far-off goals
On sturdy whalers
Across these shoals
Came singing sailors.

Shingly shore
Where the thin waves tinkle,
Rocks crusted o'er
With the periwinkle!
Shallows that shine
With the white sand's glitter,
Deeps where a line
Brings a flash and flitter!

Back on the quay
There is noise and hurry,
But here with me
Is escape from worry,
With my boat adrift
Among weedy trailers
My song I lift
Like the singing sailors.

The New York World.

Anchusa.

AND ROSEMARY—

It is not clock or calendar
That makes the heart beat faster—
A cloud against the sky's blue pane,
A far horizon, dim and vain,
Stars; or the lyric sound of rain—
Or just a purple aster.

For such a little, little thing
Can make the heart remember;
A beech tree by the moon revealed,
A seine with all its silver yield,
The wind across a celery field—
Or wild grapes in September.

The Virginian-Pilot.

John Richard Moreland.

HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENS

Kind o' achy,
Want to yawn.
Feel a nap
A comin' on.
Got t' stretch
Myself, that certain.
Hate to, tho,
It's so exertin'.
Wonder who'll
Drop in to pay
Or just how much
I'll write today.

Two o'clock!
Gosh! Times does fly!
Ought t' be workin'
Guess I'll try.
This mornin's rest
Shore helped a heap,
Well I'll be durned!
My leg's asleep!
Numb t' my hips
'N tinglin' well
'Spect I'll let 'em
Rest a spell.
Consarn the hole
In that durn blind!
Sun's shinin' thru
'N I'm right in line.
Ain't complainin'
But can't help wishin'
I had time
'T go a fishin'.
Bet the bass
'D bite today,
Shore wish I
Could get away.
Durn fool Adam
Shore pulled a bone
When he didn't let
That fruit alone.
Jes' look at us
Poor men folks now.
Payin' with
Our sweatin' brow.
Four o'clock!
Don't that just beat!
At three I had
Someone to meet.
Well, I can't mop-up
Spilt milk with sorrow
I'll hunt him up
Sometime tomorrow.
Like to've seen
That game today,
But while it's shinin'
Got t' make hay.

I'm jes' exhausted
Thru n' thru.
Blame arm's gone
T' sleepin', too.
Eyes gettin' heavy,
I'm all in.
May not get
This chance again.
Shore am slippin',
Glad my work's all done,
Hope my snorin'
Don't disturb me none.
Gonna close my eyes.
Got no remorse;
Gonna jes' let nature
Take her course.

The Fairfax Chief.

J. M. Hazlett.

THE SINGING TREE

From the deep, shaded heart of a tree,
A heaven of music pours,
Paradise caught in the net of a song,
That bubbles and bursts and soars.

Under the wavering mantle of leaves,
Secret songster where are you clinging?
Are these jeweled baubles of sound from your
throat,
Or is it the tree singing?

Katherine Washburn Harding.
The New York Sun.

SILENCE.

Oh, the Silence, for just one hour,
To brush away the cares of day,
Still the pulse that's long been racing
With the tumult and dismay.

Relax my nerves for one scant hour,
They are taut as they can be.
From the sounds of horrid conflict
And the tales of misery.

There's so much riot and dissension,
So much hate and bitter woe.
Give the Silence to me, Master,
Where no discord I shall know.

Close the conscious mind to vision—
While I seek the world within;
Gathering there the strength that's needed
To sustain me through the din.

Give me Silence and composure,
For at least one hour each day;
With the Infinite attune me,
Give sweet harmony, I pray.

O golden Silence! Much I need thee,
On Source Divine, I there may call
For strength and power for every fibre—
'Tis there that Mind doth conquer all.

Silence, golden, brings me closer
To the Universal Mind;
And ope's the door for God to enter,
'Tis in Him, sweet peace I find.

The Robinson Argus. Annette Blackburn Ehler.

NIGHTS (Pasticcio)

Last night I heard the viol and the lute complain,
Saw the drenched, sodden roses trodden under
foot,
The flagons spilt, the torches shudder and go out,
Felt your lips seek for mine and find and find
again,
Yea, in the whirling midst of all the sorry rout,
And, breathless, catch and hold them, glad and
mute,
Then the dream-rabble vanished from my vision
And the wild tears ran down my face like rain,
And I awoke to the intolerable day
That mocks at me and holds me in derision—
For you are dead long since and I am old and gray.

Last night? Ah, every night and all the long
night through,
The sullen trumpets, threatening, mutter under
breath

'Neath the great singing voices of the violins,
The cressets shiver out, the dancers shift, and you,
O royal-meek, swept bare of all your gracious sins,
Clothed on with whiteness in the ranks of death,
Come in the old, sweet way, and dim my vision
With awful tears that burn like fiery dew,
And I awake to the intolerable day,
Implacable, that hold me in derision—
For you are dead long since and I am old and gray.

The New York Herald Tribune. Perley A. Child.

BECAUSE WE PART

The stars will not go wrong because we part,
The sun and moon will rise and set,
The rose be fresh and lovely yet—
In all the universe will be no fret,
Save in my heart.

Still, when the Lord puts on his seamless dress,
The finished web of day and night,
One little stitch will not be right,
And He'll not perfectly be dight,
Because we part.

The Wasp.

Joyce E. Lobner.

LOCUSTS

Locust trees are brightly burning
Waxen tapers to the sun,
Pale and fragrant, they are yearning
Upward, one by fragrant one.

Altar candles, white flames springing
In the breath of May and June,
Choir birds their hymns are singing,
Throats of happiness—and soon

Red the flame on earth's green altars
Scarlet fire, leaping up,
Roses, holding prayers and psalters
In each burning, scented cup.

The New York Sun.

Faith Baldwin.

ON THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES

Oh, do not wrong the generations past
By scorn, or bitter prating of dead hands;
It is not chance that their achievements last,
Nor whim of fortune that their building stands.
It was for us they strove; we are the heirs
Of all their agony and sweat and tears;
And, willing or ungrateful, each one shares
In the vast legacy of toilsome years,
They would not bind us; theirs no selfish aim
To chain the future to their halting-place.
They mourn our failures, glory in our fame,
Thrill with our struggle in this mortal race.
A Cloud of Witnesses, O doubtful Soul,
Applauds your straining footsteps toward the
goal.

The New York Times. *George Mason Whicher.*

BEAUTY ETERNAL

Life's sorrows weigh upon my weary soul,
Oppressed, I seek in vain for some true goal—
Oh, for some sign of hope I faintly sigh—
The answer—homing birds against a pale mauve
sky.

Again the day is gray and old joys fail,
My hold on happiness grows yet more frail,
All songs seem sad and all life's tales are told,
But lo! the sunset blooms in rose and green and
gold.

Lift up, tired soul, and open weary eyes;
Ever on your horizon beauty lies.

The New York Sun.

Clarissa Brooks.

PSALMS

Here's Beauty, vibrant from a royal harp;
Now echoed from the still green of a river,
Now clashing, as a battle-weapon sharp,
A sound to make a foe or captive shiver.
Now mother-tenderness, now soldier-anger,
Teachings, now all of love; now, all of wrath,
Now faith exultant; now, exhausted languor—
What highway broadens from this errant path?
Here chaff of gathered hatred of the ages
Were winnowed by a word of love from John,
Or Peter; rock to build a church upon,
Profounder than Hebraic lore of sages,
And still above their undertow of duty
Waves in the sun toss stinging crests of beauty.

Isabel Fiske Conant.
The Christian Science Monitor.

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<small>Mr. Fellows is an educator and editor. Has held position on the faculty of normal school and colleges. His poems have been widely copied. Residence, Wichita, Kans.</small>	
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<small>Mr Love is the literary editor of the St Louis Post-Dispatch. He has been a "Kolyunist" on the Portland Oregonian, Los Angeles Times, and other western papers. Author "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James" Residence, St Louis, Mo</small>	
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- THE OAKLAND TIMES, Oakland, Calif.
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- THE OAKLAND TRIBUNE, Oakland, Calif.
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- THE ONANCOCK NEWS, Onancock, Md.
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- THE OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES, Oklahoma City, Okla.
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Mr Beard was born in Sweet Springs, Mo., 1868
Made the run for free homes at the opening of old
Oklahoma An "69er" Real Estate and Insurance
business Residence, Ada, Okla.
- THE OKLAHOMA LEADER, Oklahoma City, Okla.
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- THE OKLAHOMAN, Oklahoma City, Okla.
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- THE PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN, Philadelphia, Pa.
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- THE PINEVILLE SUN, Pineville, Ky.
The Wood Becomes a Sea, *H. H. Fuson*.... 62
Mr. Fuson was born in Kentucky, 1876 Graduate
Cumberland College, A. B. (1905). University of Cincinnati, B. S. (1920) Has been teacher, principal and
superintendent of schools in Kentucky for 28 years
Sec'y-Treas Martin's Fork Coal Company. Author-
"The Pinnacle," and "Just from Kentucky." Residence
Louisville, Ky.
- THE PITTSBURGH POST, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Mrs. Neff is a poet, editorial and short story writer.
Author of, "Field Flowers." Residence, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- THE PONCA CITY NEWS, Ponca City, Okla.
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THE RICHMOND TIMES, Richmond, Va.	
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THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN, Spring- field, Mass.	
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THE SIOUX CITY JOURNAL, Souix City, Ia.	
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THE TOWN CRIER, Seattle, Wash.	
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BOOKS RECEIVED

The following books of poetry by Press Poets have been received during the year:

CROKER, MARIE BRISCOE, *Mount Vernon*. Cliftondale, Mass. C. A. A. Parker, 1925. Wrappers.

FRASIER, SCOTTIE MCKENZIE. *A Business Man's Prayer*. Chicago. Paul G. Trichel. 1925. Wrappers.

FUSEN, H. H. *Just From Kentucky*. Louisville. John P. Morton Co. 1925. Cloth.

KOHN, DAVID. *Spurts of Philosophy*. Oklahoma City. Lyric Book Shop. 1925. Wrappers.

MEADE, BESSIE. *The Hand Wrought Lamp*. Chicago. The Bookfellows.

POETRY JOURNALS

The following journals of poetry are appreciated exchanges:

L'ALOUETTE, 52 Stone Street, Cliftondale, Mass.

THE LARIET, Lock Box 741, Portland, Oregon.

MUSE & MIRROR, Box "I," University Station, Seattle, Wash.

PAN, Walter J. Haecker, Pan. Notre Dame, Ind.

THE POET'S SCROLL, Talala, Oklahoma.

VERSE, 1418 Wyoming Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

